

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

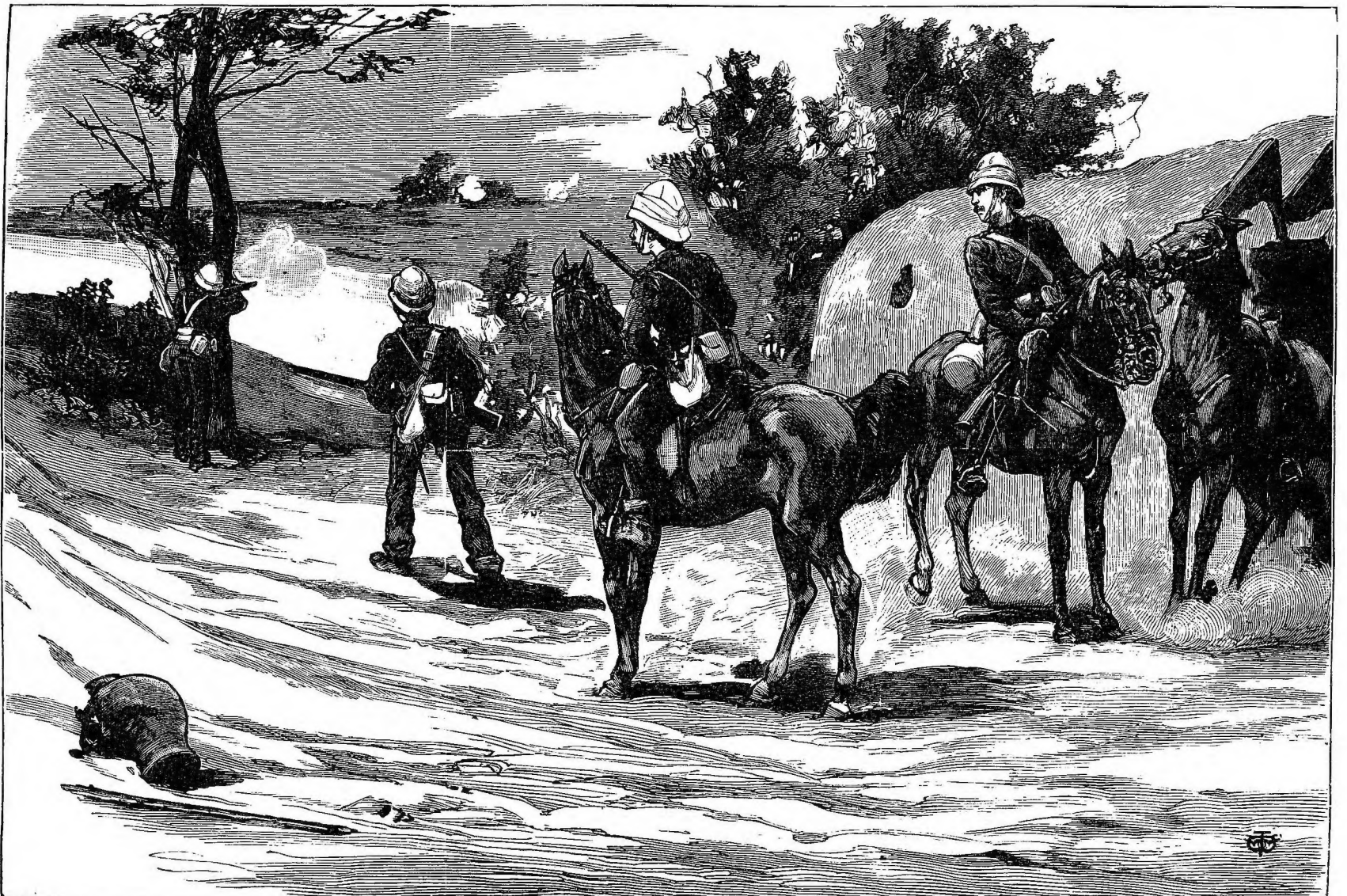
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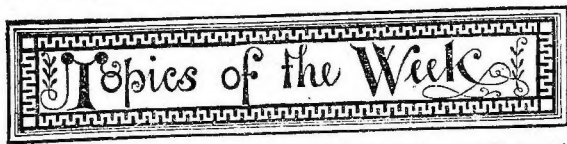
CAPTAIN BRISCOE AND MEN OF THE P. AND O. STEAMER "TANJORE" PATROLLING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA



THE FIRST BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY, JULY 22,—MOUNTED INFANTRY (60TH RIFLES) SKIRMISHING ON THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—When the Lord Mayor entertains in his civic palace the furniture and hangings are, metaphorically speaking, *couleur de rose*. If there are any skeletons about, they are all carefully stowed away in their several cupboards. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen have a skeleton of their own, meditating as they must do, in the presence of a terrible Premier devoted to hewing down upas-trees, on the possible downfall of their venerable Corporation; while as for the Ministers themselves, they have *in petto* a whole regiment of grisly anatomies. But on Wednesday night they were out of sight, and rose-pink was the prescribed tint of the banqueting-hall. In spite of his seventy-three years, and his accumulated blunders, failures, and anxieties, Mr. Gladstone was as jubilant as a released schoolboy. First, about Egypt. Egypt was one of the great gates of the world, and we were bound to keep it open. We had also gone to the land of the Pharaohs to release its inhabitants from "a grinding and capricious tyranny." Let us hope that the European Concert (now pretty well disconcerted) will appreciate these benevolent and disinterested views of ours. Next, for Ireland. Rose-pink, again, is the colour here. We have "peace with security, where disturbance and outrage formerly prevailed." This is mainly due to the Land Act, which no one now dares to stigmatise as a "dismal failure." The only part of Mr. Gladstone's speech which shows any traces of gloom and severity is that in which he refers to the necessity of an Autumn Session. The legislative harvest of Parliament has been lamentably barren, and will continue to be barren until the Rules of Procedure are reformed. The speaker did not refer to one cause of the scanty crops of the Session which is now closing, namely, the behaviour of a certain impulsive gentleman who presides over Her Majesty's Treasury and Exchequer, and who, in the earlier part of the Session, contrived, in the opinion of many people, to waste an unconscionable deal of time over the Lords' Committee on the Land Act, and the Clôture question. We will, however, say no more on this point, but rather hope that the sanguine Ministerial tone may be justified by events.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—It is now certain that the task of restoring order in Egypt will have to be accomplished almost exclusively by England. Whatever may be the final decision regarding Turkish co-operation, there can no longer be any doubt that the Sultan will be able to play only a secondary part. He may even be obliged to stand aside altogether, and see England alone do the work with which, at an earlier date, if he had chosen to decide promptly, he might have been entrusted. No blame can be justly attributed to the English Government for the course they have adopted towards him. If Turkish troops had been allowed to land without a proclamation against Arabi, or if they had been permitted to act independently, the chances are that they would soon have combined with the Egyptians against us. At any rate, it would have been impossible for us to have confidence in the sincerity of the Turkish alliance. The situation would have been full of peril for England if Turkey had been supported by any of the Great Powers; but fortunately every nation in Europe shrinks from the responsibility of stirring up unnecessary strife, and so there has been nothing to prevent this country from imposing its own terms on the Porte. So cautious is the present mood of the statesmen who determine the immediate destinies of the world, that they have declined to give serious attention even to the proposal of Italy for placing the Suez Canal under international protection. Thus far, England may congratulate herself on the course of events, and there is not much reason to fear that she will now meet new difficulties of a formidable character. That Arabi is not an enemy to be despised he has shown clearly enough; but his chief hope of success is cut off by the fact that Great Britain practically finds herself unhampered either by Turkey or by Europe. The spirit on which England enters on the undertaking ought to allay the jealousies of her rivals, and probably will do so sooner or later. Here and there Englishmen talk of the necessity of annexing Egypt, or, at least, of establishing a Protectorate over it; but no such aims are cherished by the nation as a whole. What England desires is to establish once for all that her route to India shall be kept open; and when the conditions essential to that end have been fulfilled she will be more than willing—she will be anxious—to encourage the Egyptians to regulate their own affairs. In a policy of this kind, loyally executed, there is nothing that ought to wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive State.

FAMINE IN ICELAND.—The English people, so generous to the victims of plague, earthquake, famine, and war in all parts of the world, should not be deaf to the pressing claims of the Icelanders. Mr. William Morris, the author of the "Earthly Paradise," and of several translations from the finest Icelandic sagas, gives a melancholy account of harvest prospects in the land of Gunnar and Njal. The very hard winter of 1880-1881, hard even for Iceland, was followed by a cold summer, and (for want of fodder, we presume) much of the live stock had to be slaughtered in the autumn. The last winter was very stormy, and the cattle could not safely

be turned out to graze. This year winter was not over by the end of June, and the pack ice drifted even into the southern firths. Thus the Icelanders have seen their sheep and cattle perish for lack of fodder, and the trade in sheep and wool will be a failure. Measles has attacked the natives with almost as dreadful effect as when the disease, to them a new one, fell on the Fijians. Iceland is always a poor country: Gunnar would no longer see the white wheat waving round Litherd, and find home so rich and beautiful that he could not go into exile. Fire and frost have impoverished the country of a free and ancient people, our own kindred, the authors and transmitters of a literature only less admirable than that of Homeric Greece. To no race are we bound by closer natural ties, and to few does our literature owe more gratitude. Mr. Morris mentions that he himself, at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, and the University Bankers at Cambridge, Messrs. Mortlock and Co., will be glad to receive and forward subscriptions for the starving people of Iceland.

THE LORDS' AMENDMENTS.—Seeing that we are engaged in a troublesome war abroad, which may at any moment develop into a far more serious conflict, this is no time for quarrelling at home. Mr. Gladstone perceives the advantages of prudence and self-restraint at this juncture, and therefore he meets the Lords' proposed alterations in the Arrears Bill in a statesmanlike attitude, firm, and yet at the same time courteous. If, in the early part of the Session, he had treated the Lords' investigation into the working of the Land Act with similar calmness, instead of bursting into a state of hysterical indignation, he would have saved some valuable time, and avoided lowering his own reputation. For the welcome change in his behaviour towards the Upper House we may probably thank Arabi Pasha. And now for a few words on the Commons' reception of the Lords' Amendments. No one can deny to the Premier the credit of exceeding ingenuity. Lord Salisbury's first amendment proposed that landlord and tenant must come into Court together, or not at all. A plain downright man would have found it difficult to meet this amendment in any other way except by accepting or rejecting it *en bloc*. Not so Mr. Gladstone. He discovered that Lord Salisbury's amendment would be unfair on the landlord because it would prevent him from putting the Act in motion, and so he proposes, as a compromise, that each party should be allowed to go into Court for the settlement of arrears by giving the other ten days' notice. Nor is this a worthless concession of Mr. Gladstone's. As it was approved by Mr. Gibson and disapproved by Mr. Parnell, we may be sure that it yielded a point of some importance. As regards the second amendment, which required that the tenant-right should be treated as an asset, Ministers have practically adopted it, with a certain limitation of time and amount. The other amendments, which are of minor importance, were examined in the same conciliatory fashion. The Ministerial attitude took all the "fight" out of Sir Stafford Northcote, and we may trust that the Lords, following his lead, will accept the amended amendments, if not cheerfully, at any rate with resignation. If, by its hindrance of evictions, the Arrears Bill should help to pacify Ireland, we can forgive the violation of economical laws which it involves.

FRANCE AND HER NEW MINISTRY.—M. Grévy has overcome the difficulties of the situation in France by appointing a Ministry of nobodies. No other solution was possible. M. Clémenceau is too revolutionary to be entrusted with the duty of forming a Cabinet, and for the present M. Gambetta is excluded from office by his supposed warlike proclivities. There is not much chance that M. Duclerc and his colleagues will trouble France either by excessive activity at home or by a restless policy abroad. Their mission is to keep quiet, and it is one which they will probably discharge in a creditable manner. The appointment of a Ministry of this kind has given occasion to some pessimistic comments as to the present position of France; but it is not very easy to see why the country should wish to have a Ministry which would be remarkable for energy in the management either of foreign or of domestic relations. The extreme Radicals would like to carry on their war against the Church; but France has surely had enough, and more than enough, of ecclesiastical disputes lately. Some of the Secularists themselves are beginning to be a little fatigued by the incessant talk of their leaders about the inherent wickedness of priests. In other respects France is prospering, and there is not a single proposed legislative change for which she could not afford to wait. As for her foreign relations, her interests in Egypt are in no way threatened; and, in the mean time, the maintenance of a fairly good understanding with her neighbours seems to depend chiefly on her own prudence. These are excellent reasons for the general belief that M. Duclerc's task will be easy during the recess; but whether he will retain power after the reassembling of the Chambers is another question. There are so many struggling jealousies and ambitions among the various Republican groups that, when the time comes for the renewal of active political life, some pretext for overthrowing his Cabinet will probably soon be found. That he will be succeeded by a more powerful Ministry is, however, scarcely likely. France has a nervous dread of important "personalities," and her inclination appears to be to live as long as possible under the nominal rule of second-rate men.

THE TWELFTH.—A season dreaded by journalists is upon us, and grouse-shooting begins on the last day of this week. The Twelfth of August is, to many a newspaper man, only a less unpleasant date than Christmas or the day of the University Boat Race. Does the great public, we wonder, vehemently desire many columns of discursive essay every year on Christmas, on boat-racing, and on grouse-shooting? There is nothing new to be said on any of these topics. The old weary round of cynical or genial comment, and the process of threadbare description must be trodden and performed by the tired scribe, who has told all he knows about mistletoe, boating, and grouse-shooting dozens of times. Grouse-shooting does not appear to us to be a popular sport. In England none but the rich can dream of taking moors. On the rough margins of the Land Debateable, in Liddesdale and among the Cheviot Hills, there are moors far distant from any house, which the hardy "store farmers" shoot over, rejoicing in the strength which enables them to ride a dozen miles to the heather, and then to walk for some ten hours through moss and "hag," and over brae and corry. But what do the millions of London know or care about grouse-shooting? They would be tired to death by sun, and wind, and rain, and rough walking before luncheon. They would not know a grouse on the wing from a grey hen, and would have but the faintest chance of shooting either. It is hard to imagine that they read the half-dozen articles on grouse which papers that respect themselves feel bound to publish between June and September. One may doubt whether the authors of these compositions know much of their subject.

PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.—The campaign can scarcely be said to have begun in earnest, as we have not enough troops landed at Alexandria for an attack on Arabi. Judging, however, by the skirmish of Saturday last, to say nothing of the tenacity with which the Egyptians stuck to their guns during the bombardment of the 11th July, Arabi and his men are by no means such despicable soldiers as they were at one time represented. And while on our side there is little glory to be got out of a conflict in which as regards artillery, or rather as regards the skill with which the guns are served, the opposing forces are so unequally matched, it is creditable to the Egyptians that, so far from being cowed by their comparatively heavy losses at Mallaha Junction, they are busily engaged in fortifying the ground (that is to say, the narrow neck of land which separates Lake Aboukir from Lake Mareotis) which was the scene of the engagement of the 5th inst. It is possible that when the troops arrive in sufficient numbers, and the Commander-in-Chief decides on a forward movement, the assault may be delivered by some other than the direct road along this isthmus. Troops may be marched round the western end of Lake Mareotis, and so, by making a *détour* of forty miles, some of it across the desert, may fall on Arabi's rear; or provided that the Aboukir forts are secured, a similar circuit might be made to the eastward. It is dangerous to prophesy in such matters, but at present the invading forces seem likely to meet with stubborn resistance. Celerity of movement has a great effect on Eastern troops, and it is worth while now to recall what Napoleon did in Egypt eighty-four years ago. He landed with a force about equal to what ours will be, and in three weeks he had captured Alexandria and Cairo, and had defeated the Mamelukes in a pitched battle. His difficulties were by no means over then, still, man for man, the Mamelukes were probably more formidable opponents than are the levies of modern Egypt, especially as these latter are fighting in behalf of a man who, if unsuccessful, may prove to be an ungrateful rebel.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.—No especial significance has been attached to the meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors, but both in Austria and in Germany it has been commented on with satisfaction as a sign that the alliance of the two countries is still cordially maintained. It would, of course, be an error to suppose that there are no elements of possible discord in the relations of Austria and Germany. Sooner or later their position with regard to each other will almost certainly be modified by a remarkable change which has lately been manifested in Austria, and which has attracted insufficient attention in England. The Slavonic nationalities included in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy have always clamoured for a large measure of autonomy. These demands have been resisted by the inhabitants of the German provinces, who contend that the Empire cannot be held together except by the predominance of the Teutonic element. In this struggle the House of Hapsburg formerly sided with the Germans, but lately the Emperor has shown a disposition to make important concessions to his Slavonic subjects, and he has found in Count Taaffe a willing instrument of his new policy. The result is that the Austrian Germans have begun to talk of the possibility of the Empire being dissolved; and many of them, especially the advanced Liberals, profess to look forward with pleasure to the prospect of Vienna becoming the southern capital of a completely United Germany. On the other hand, the loyal subjects of the Emperor William regard it as an article of political faith that the people of their own race in Austria will some day be associated with them under a single ruler. These facts indicate the "germs" of many future complications, and we may be sure that they are not overlooked by the Emperors and their Ministers. For the present, however, no one supposes that there is much cause for anxiety. Austria and Germany have solid interests in common; and

they are not likely to break away from each other as long as these interests can be effectually guarded only by frank co-operation.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.—It has always seemed to us that the prospect of placing the bulk of the Irish people in a state of contentment and tranquillity could not be so utterly impossible as some pessimists declared, because of the existence of the Irish Constabulary. Here were a body of men, drawn from the same class as those who are the prime movers of outrage and sedition, and yet perfectly loyal. Their loyalty and the more remarkable when we remember that these men must in many instances have kinsfolk who are mixed up with Fenian moonlighters, and other desperadoes. Moreover, they remained loyal and staunch through all the dangers and hardships, and overwork of the last three years, such being the case, it is all the more sad that at last, just as Ireland seems for the tranquillity may be only apparent) to be getting quieter, the Constabulary should manifest discontent should hold meetings to discuss their grievances, and should act in such a manner as to call down the rebukes of their chiefs. Some persons may wonder that this discontent is not manifested at first sooner. The probable explanation is as follows. When lawlessness was at its height, the constables were so hard worked that they had no time to think of complaints. But they nevertheless cherished a feeling none the less deep because publicly unexpressed, and that exceptional services during that harassing period deserved substantial recognition. Nor is their wrath without foundation when they find that while their officers (the majority of sub-inspectors) are promised higher pay, the rank and file are merely to receive a special gratuity for their past efforts. Mr. Trevelyan put forth a very feeble and unworthy argument when he urged in effect that the comparatively small number of the officers enabled the Government to treat them as liberally. No doubt to give some 13,000 men an extra shilling a day will cost a good round sum. Say it costs 250,000. If the increase is just and expedient, we are sure the country will not grudge it. The Government is going to dip into the Consolidated Fund (in other words, into the pockets of English, Scotch, and Welsh taxpayers) in order to pay certain Irish tenants (some of whom, at least, are shiftless, enervated creatures) to pay up their arrears of rent. Surely the Constabulary, who have stood by the Crown bravely in the darkest days of Ireland, are at least equally worthy of exceptionally generous treatment.

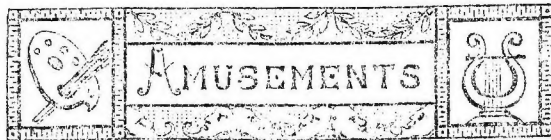
"Dunk."—The revival of *Dunk*, the drama founded on M. Zola's horrible story, *Le Désenchanté*, may remind some students that M. Zola was less original in his choice of a topic than is probably supposed. Most readers have heard of Charles Baudelaire (often spelled "Beaudelaire" by Quilès and other scholars) as a poet who, far from being a naturalist like M. Zola, was more romantic than the romanticists. But Baudelaire had sketched out the *scenario* of a sensational drama on intemperance, which would have been certainly more poetical, and, if such things are edifying, more didactic than *Le Désenchanté*. Baudelaire meant to call his piece *Le Vierge* (*The Drunkard*). The fundamental idea of the piece exists in his own poem, "Le Vin de l'Assassin." The hero was to belong, like Copernicus, to a "rough, trial, coarse profession;" he was not, however, a murderer, but a sawyer. A dreadful song was to occur at every act, a fragment of a popular song to the Mornaide. The first two acts are full of scenes of squalor, drunkenness, and domestic squabbles. In the third, the wife of the drunkard tries to lead him away from his public-house, a shop which he has run and resents intensely. Last week a man sentenced to death for putting on his boots and deliberately killing his wife out of her misery, because she had turned him among his tap-room friends. Baudelaire's *scenario* of *Le Désenchanté* also was to end in a murder. Within a scene of the music from some low tavern, the drunkard was to send his wife on an errand, where she was certain to fall before him, and he was then to kill her by dashing stones down on her. This scene would have been sensational enough even for the admirers of M. Zola. As soon as the murder was over, a group of wreckers was to appear and sing popular songs. In the last act the villain was to denounce himself. The piece remained a mere dream of the author's: but as *Le Désenchanté* is a popular success, *Le Vierge* also might have brought fame and money to a man who won nothing by his poems.

A Good Bill for Scotland.—The Scottish people are so accustomed to be neglected by Parliament that they have been astonished by the comparatively rapid progress of the Educational Endowments Bill through both Houses. A very important bill it is, by far the most important that Scotland has secured since the passing of the measure relating to primary schools. For centuries the educational system of Scotland was well spoken of, but it never altogether deserved the complimentary things that were said of it. A good elementary education was given in the parish schools; and this, no doubt, was of incalculable advantage to the inhabitants of a poor country. There were, however, few secondary schools, and most of them were not of a very high class. Consequently the Professors at the Universities had to do a good deal of work that ought to have been done at the secondary schools, and this was done more thoroughly, by schoolmasters. The object of the present Bill is to remedy this

state of things by means of existing educational endowments. Its effect will be to provide all important towns with efficient secondary schools; and it may be hoped that there will be a sufficient number of scholarships to enable clever boys even in remote districts to take advantage of the new opportunities. The funds available for the purpose are ample, and as the Commissioners are certain to be closely watched, they may be trusted to make a judicious use of their powers. One of the first consequences of the change ought to be the raising of the standard of scholarship at the Universities; but we may also look for a wider diffusion of intelligence among classes who cannot allow themselves the luxury of a University training. Altogether, if the Bill works as well as may be reasonably anticipated, Scotland will soon have a better place than she has ever had in the ranks of educated nations.

FRENCH ENTERPRISE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—Judging from the recent exploits of the French Challenger, that once warlike nation seems to be nervously anxious to keep out of war. To embark, however, in an enterprise in the Mediterranean, which might possibly involve the embarkment in a quarrel with Germany is one thing. To cruise about a vast ocean, where there is no Power save over-occupied England to interfere, and to hoist the tricolour on the shores of unappropriated islands, is another thing. Two points are worth noting. France is the second naval Power in the world, and her naval officers, in default of more serious work, are fond of enterprise and adventure. The Navy, too, is on the whole Conservative and Clerical. Republicanism is all very well on shore, but it won't work on board ship. The result is that missionary zeal (which is very ardent, and, we may add, very single-minded in France) puts the Navy on the back in these expeditions. The dusky beathen who have too often been converted into Methodists, or later into Anglicans, may yet be made good Catholics. Nor does the Government regard with disfavour the reported annexation of such an island as Raiatea, one of the Society group. New Caledonia, judging by the analogy of other penal settlements, will, if it prospers, become unwilling to receive convicts, and in any case other settlements flying the French flag will be welcome. It seems, at first sight, dog-in-the-manger-like of us, who have got all the biggest slices of *terra firma* in the Pacific, to grudge other nations the few scraps that are left, but our uneasiness is caused by the fear lest these petty annexations should prove the cause of future complications and disputes. It is better for the peace of the world that one nation should remain paramount in this island-dotted region. We were the first in the field, because France chose to engage in barren European wars, while we were busy exploring and colonising; and now that Australasia is peopled by between two and three millions of persons of British nationality, there is really no opening for genuine colonisation schemes on the part of any other Power. The same remarks apply to Newfoundland, where the French claims (shadowy as they may appear to Englishmen) cause an irritation which may easily be aggravated into serious mischief.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT, containing a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EGYPT, AND THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS at the ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS.—The Half-Sheet, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 150 and 165.



BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY,
AUGUST 29, 30, 31, AND SEPTEMBER 1, 1882.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame ALBANI, Miss ANNA WILLIAMS, Mr. ELEANOR FARNOL, and Madame MARIE ROZE; Madame PATEY, Mr. MADAME TREBELL, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, Mr. W. CUMINGS, and Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, Mr. SARTLEY, Mr. E. KING, and Signor FOLLI.

CONDUCTOR.—Mr. MICHAEL COSTA.

BAND AND CHORUS OF 350 PERFORMERS.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29.—"THE HOLY CITY," a NEW CANZATA, by Sir JAMES BURNBY, entitled "GRATEFUL," and a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION, including the OVER-TURE to "BENVENUTO CELLINI," by Ballo, and "SCULPTURE," by Mr. E. COVING.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30.—NEW ORATORIO, "THE REDEMPTION," composed expressly for this Festival by Monsieur CHARLES COUPE, entitled "THE HOLY CITY," a NEW CANZATA, by Sir JAMES BURNBY, composed by Mr. WILLIAM STANLEY, and a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31.—"MENSEL," a NEW CANZATA, by Herr GADE, composed expressly for this Festival, and a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION, including "MARCHES NUPCIALES," by M. GOSSET, a NEW SYMPHONY, by Mr. HENRI PARRY, OVER-TURE to "WILLIAM TELL," &c.
FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1.—"MASS IN D," by MOZART, and MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR.
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 1.—"THE REDEMPTION."

Tickets for Seats for Morning Performances . . . each 2s. 6d.
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Applications to the Managers Committee, composed of the names of the places required, may be made, either personally or by letter, to Mr. H. MILWARD, Esq., the Chairman of the Committee, at Waterloo Street, Birmingham.
Persons desirous of engaging Apartments are requested to make application, personally or by letter, to Messrs. HARRISON and HARRISON, 11, Abchurch Lane, London E.C. 4, Birmingham, when a Registrar of Lodgers may be required.
The Town Hall will be lit by the Compton-Winch Electric Light during the Evening Performances.
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There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors, a passenger traveling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductors by pressing one of the small Electric Bells.

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15	8.15	8.30	9.45
16	8.45	9.00	10.15
17	9.15	9.30	10.45
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19	10.15	10.30	11.45
20	10.45	11.00	12.15

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HOMPLEY, ST. PIERRE, CAEN, &c.—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge as above.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 24, Regent Circus, London, W., and a Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, City Office, City Agency, &c.; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN and CARRIDGIAN RAILWAYS.—West Coast Royal Mail Route to Scotland.—The SUMMER SERVICE OF PASSENGER TRAINS FROM LONDON TO SCOTLAND is now in operation.

London (Euston)	Week Days	Arr. 11.30 a.m.	Arr. 12.30 p.m.	Arr. 1.15 p.m.	Arr. 2.15 p.m.	Arr. 3.15 p.m.	Arr. 4.15 p.m.
Edinburgh	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0	12.0	1.0	2.0
Glasgow	4.45	6.45	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30
Cardiff	4.15	6.15	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	1.00
Greenock	4.00	6.00	8.45	9.45	10.45	11.45	12.45
Oban	3.45	5.45	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30
Peterhead	3.30	5.30	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15
Banff	3.15	5.15	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (see page 146) leaves Euston every night, commencing at 11.15 p.m., and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards.

From the 17th July to the 17th August (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional Express Train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, families, and baggage.

It does not run to Oban or Dundee on Sunday mornings.

Passengers first-class and second-class are carried at the same rates as on the regular service.

Single tickets are run on the night trains between London and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 2s. for each berth.

CALLANDER and GLASGOW LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up train service from Scotland to London, see the Company's Times Table.

G. FENDLEY, General Manager, London & N.W. Railway.

J. TH. MASON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July, 1882.

LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—Shortest Route between Liverpool and London.—The NEW DRAWING ROOM CARTRIDGES, specially adapted for the convenience of first-class passengers, are now in use on the Liverpool and London line.

Trains leaving LONDON for LIVERPOOL at 1.15 p.m., and Liverpool for London at 11.15 a.m.

These saloons are furnished with separate apartments for family parties, a bar, and a large dining room, with accommodation for gentlemen, with separate compartments for smokers, and lavatory attached, with corridor communication throughout the whole train.

An attendant accompanies the saloons, and can be summoned by electric bell, from each compartment.

Ordinary first-class fares are charged.

Ordinary saloon carriages, provided with lavatory accommodation, are also attached to the 12.0 noon and 5.0 p.m. trains from London and 1.0 p.m. and 4.0 p.m. trains to Liverpool.

G. FENDLEY, General Manager.

Euston Station, August, 1882.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SCOTLAND.—The Summer Service for London to Scotland by the MIDLAND RAILWAY will be in operation from the 21st July to 1st October, 1882, as follows:

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS will leave St. Pancras for Glasgow, Perth, Inverness, &c., at 8.0 p.m., and the corresponding Up Train will leave Perth at 7.30 p.m. and Edinburgh at 10.30 p.m., arriving at St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m.

The Service of Express Trains from London (St. Pancras) to Scotland from July 21st will be as follows:—

DOWN TRAINS.—W. FRIDAYS.	Arr. 11.30 a.m.	Arr. 12.30 p.m.	Arr. 1.15 p.m.	Arr. 2.15 p.m.	Arr. 3.15 p.m.	Arr. 4.15 p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep.	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0	12.0	1.0
Glasgow (St. Enoch) arr.	5.45	7.45	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30
Glasgow (St. Enoch) dep.	5.45	7.45	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30
Perth (Waverley) dep.	6.15	8.15	11.00	12.00	1.00	2.00
Perth (Waverley) arr.	6.15	8.15	11.00	12.00	1.00	2.00
Edinburgh (Waverley) dep.	6.45	8.45	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30
Edinburgh (Waverley) arr.	6.45	8.45	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30

For the London leaving St. Pancras at 11.15 p.m., see the Company's Times Table.

The Train leaving St. Pancras at 11.15 p.m. is in connection with the Western Coast of Scotland.

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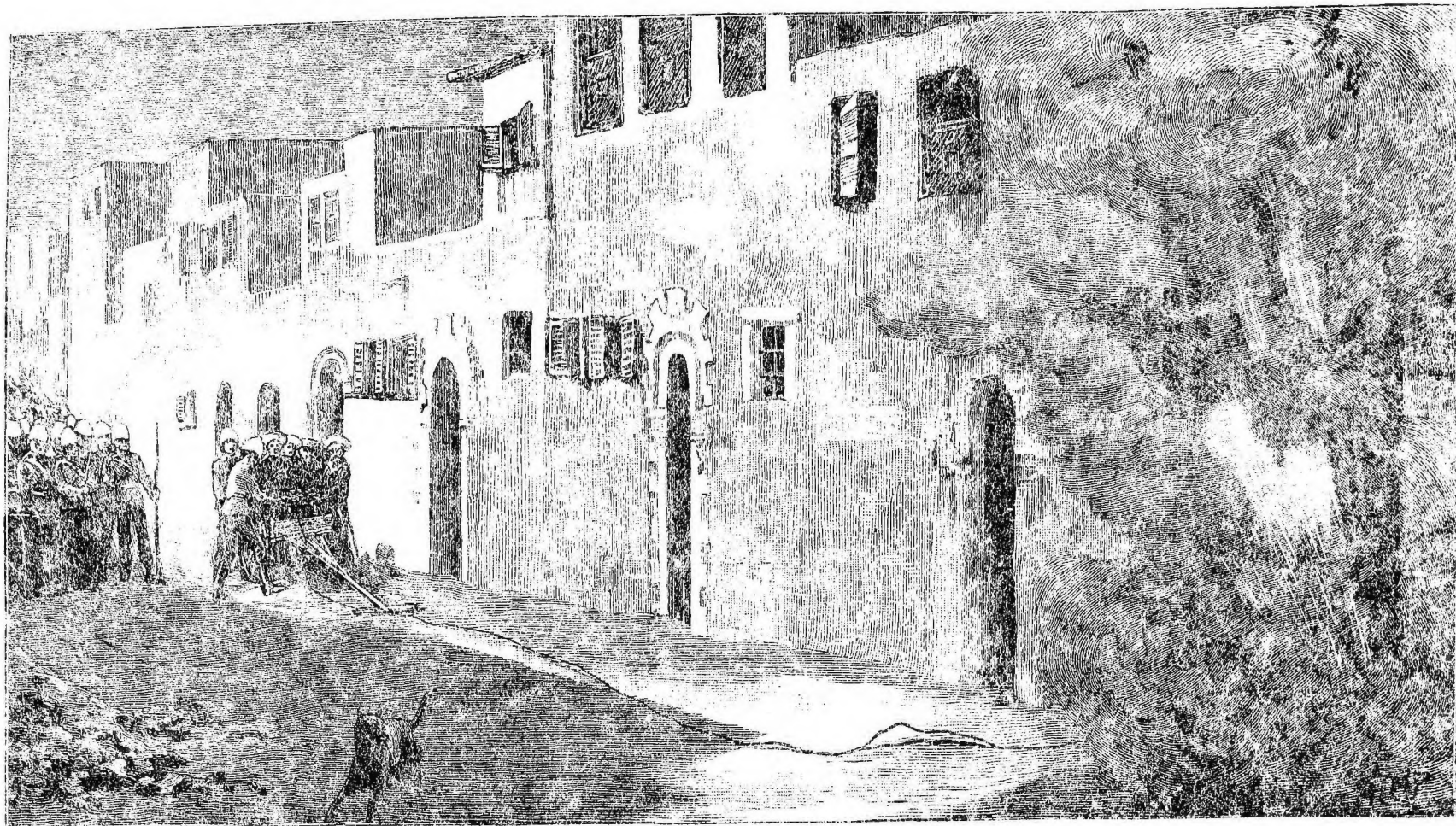
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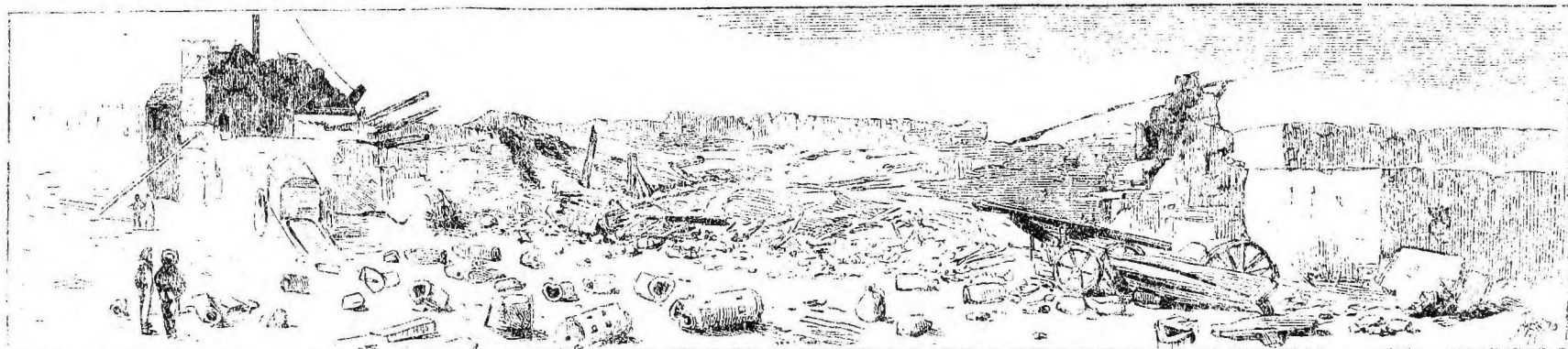
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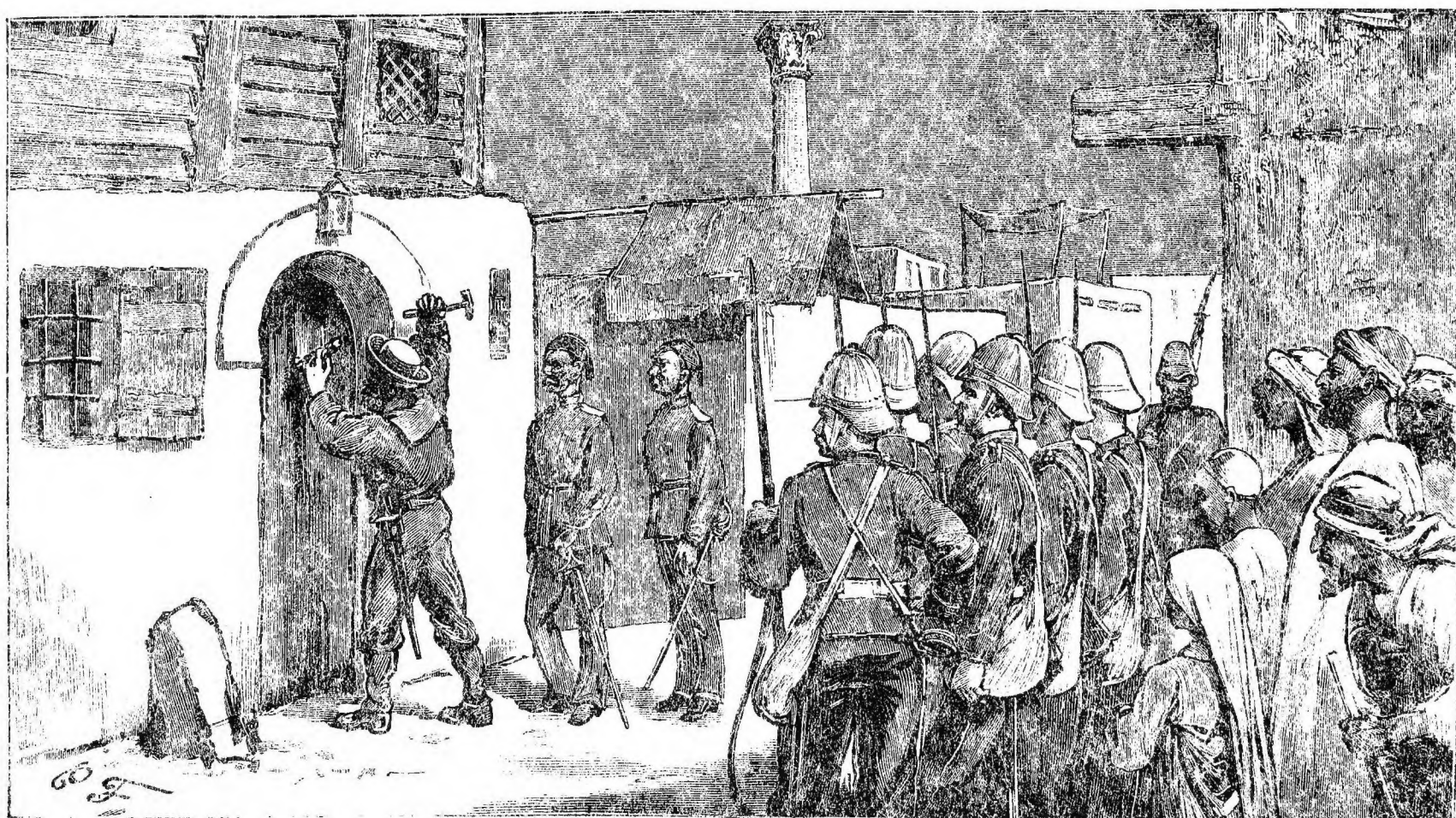
The Train leaving St. Pancras at 11.15 p.m. is in connection with the Western Coast of Scotland.



SEARCHING AN ARAB VILLAGE FOR ARMS AND LOOT: BURSTING OPEN DOORS WITH GUN COTTON



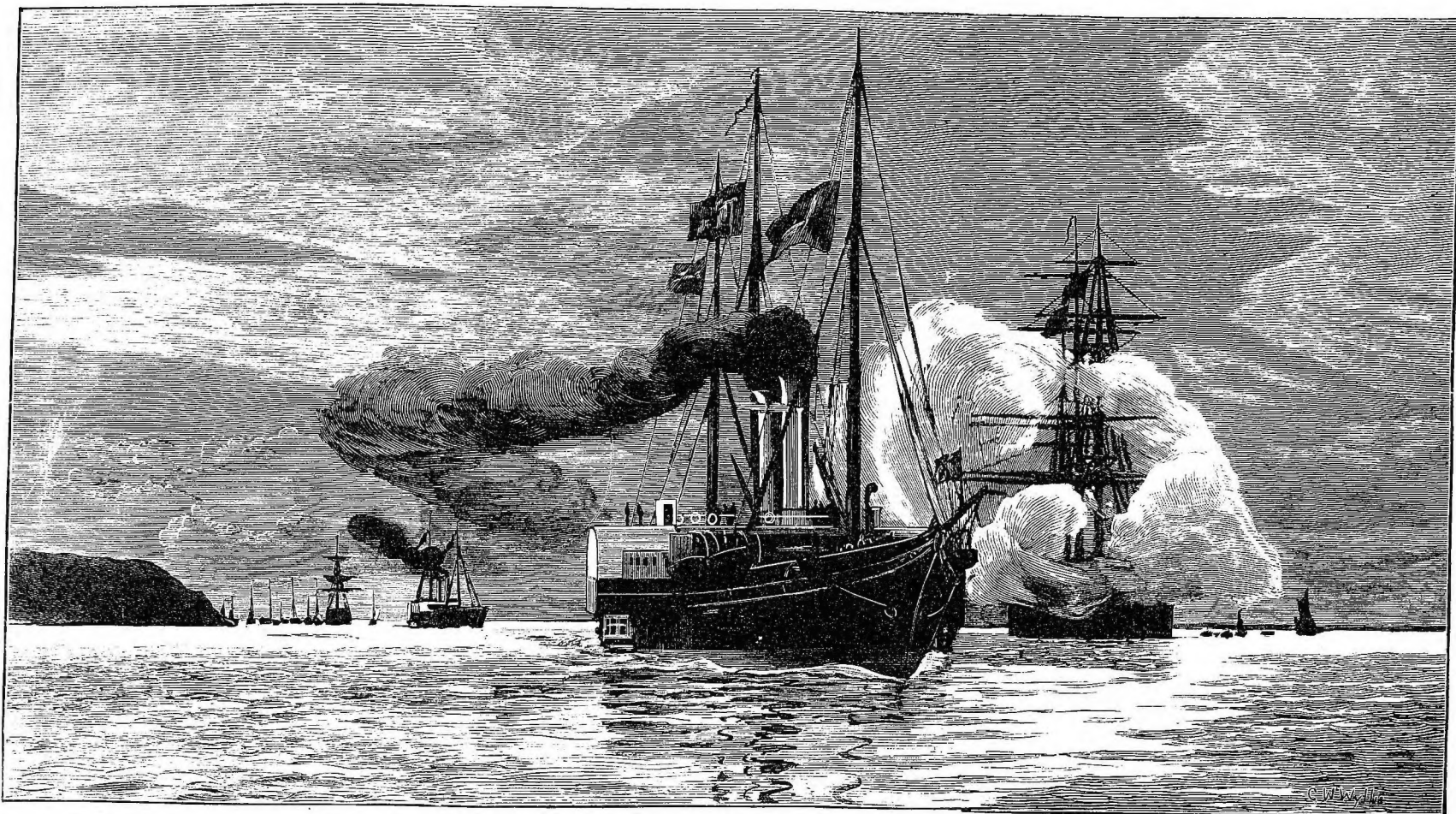
WRECK OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE, FORT ADA, DESTROYED BY H.M.S. "SULCAN"



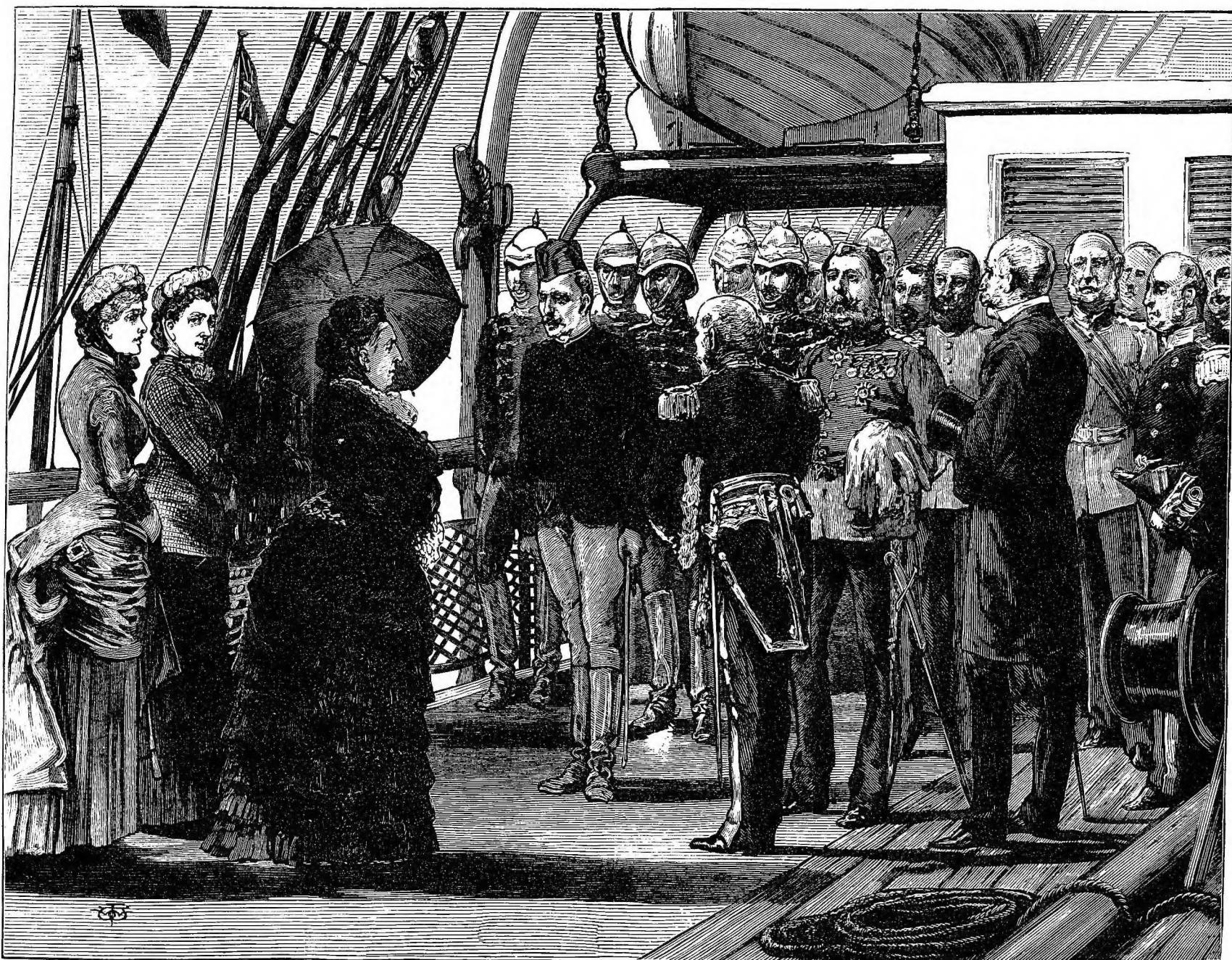
SEARCHING AN ARAB VILLAGE FOR ARMS AND LOOT: BURSTING OPEN A DOOR WITH CROWBAR AND HAMMER

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE RETURN OF THE YOUNG PRINCES: THE "BACCHANTE," THE "OSBORNE," AND THE "LIVELY," PASSING OSBORNE AND SALUTING THE QUEEN ON SHORE



TROOPS FOR EGYPT: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN BIDDING ADIEU TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT (QUEEN'S OWN) ON BOARD THE "CATALONIA" AT PORTSMOUTH



THE WAR IN EGYPT

PATROLLING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA

THE *Tanjore*, one of the fleet of the P. and O. Company, was employed as a shelter-ship for the refugees who left Alexandria either before or immediately after the bombardment. Our artist's sketch represents Captain Briscoe, of the *Tanjore*, and some of his men who volunteered to go ashore for the purpose of patrolling the streets and protecting property. This was a service of considerable danger, not on account of the looters, who were too cowardly to attack a body of armed men, however few in number, but because of the smouldering ruins and the constant crashing down of walls.

FIRST BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY

THIS skirmish took place on Saturday, July 22nd, between Arabi's outposts and our mounted infantry (men of the 60th Rifles). This was the first time mounted infantry had been used. They are represented scouting on the banks of the Canal. The horses were rendered rather restless by the noise of the shots. Mr. Villiers says that he and Mr. Drew Gay, of the *Daily Telegraph*, were the only correspondents present at this little affair.

BURSTING OPEN DOORS WITH GUN COTTON AND CROWBARS

THESE two engravings may be described simultaneously. A raid was made on the Arab village near Pompey's Pillar for loot and arms. The village was surrounded by a cordon of troops. After the villagers had in vain been summoned to bring in arms and loot, the suspected houses were broken open in the manner represented (that is, by gun-cotton, crowbars, and hammers) by the British soldiers, and were searched by the Khédive's police in the presence of a British officer. Eight hundred troops were engaged in this business under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, R.N.

WRECK OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE, FORT ADA

"THE *Superb*, *Sultan*, and *Alexandra*," says a Naval Officer, in a letter to *The Times*, "steamed close in shore and attacked all the batteries in succession, and then finally anchored in a second position to attack the heavy batteries at Fort Ada and the hospital earthworks. About 1.30 P.M. a lucky shell from the *Superb* exploded the powder magazine, and utterly demolished Fort Ada."—Our engraving shows in the foreground the exploded shells from the magazine.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR EGYPT

THE despatch of troops and munitions of war has been carried on during the whole week with unwearied energy, each day witnessing the sailing of several vessels from the different ports of departure. On Friday last week Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, crossed from Osborne to Portsmouth, and went on board the *Catalonia* to inspect the vessel and bid adieu to her own regiment, the Royal West Kent (56th). The Royal party was received by Admirals Ryder and M'Crea, Generals Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir E. Hamley, and Sir Evelyn Wood, the band of the regiment playing the National Anthem as they stepped on board. After being introduced to the various staff officers the Queen passed through the saloon and the troop deck, and expressing her approval of the arrangements for the comfort of the men. Her Majesty then shook hands with Generals Hamley and Sir E. Wood, wishing all on board a prosperous voyage and speedy return, and then returned to the *Alberta*, whilst the troops swarmed into the rigging of the *Catalonia*, and gave repeated cheers in the most hearty manner. The Royal yacht then went astern of the *Catalonia*, which soon after started on her voyage, the Royal yachts *Alberta*, *Victoria* and *Alfred*, and *Effie* following in her wake, the imposing flotilla being cheered again and again by the people on shore and the crews of vessels in the harbour.

ARABI PASHA'S POSITION ON THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL

THIS sketch represents our men reconnoitring the position of the enemy, and is especially interesting just now, as it was here that the sharp skirmish of the 5th inst. occurred, when Captain Fisher's ironclad steam train did good service. But our artist's drawing represents a much earlier endeavour to reconnoitre Arabi's position, made on the 22nd ult. The correspondent of *The Times* describes that on hearing that the General was sending out a reconnaissance party from Ramleh, he followed on horseback. He arrived at length at a considerable eminence, from which he was able to make out the lines of Arabi at Kafr Dowar. Arabi appeared to be posted on the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, four miles nearer Alexandria than Kafr Dowar, and about eight miles by railway from Millaha Junction.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EGYPT

JUST now the Khédive exercises practical sway over a very small portion of his nominal dominions, only, in fact, over that portion which is in the hands of British red-coats and blue-jackets. The Egypt, however, over which he claims supremacy is a very vast region, extending from the Red Sea (and including a strip of land on the east coast of that narrow gulf) to the heart of the Libyan Desert on the west, and from the Mediterranean on the north almost to the Equator on the south. This territory may be roughly divided into three parts, Egypt Proper, Nubia, and the Soudan, and covers a space of about 1,500,000 square miles.

But for all practical purposes, Egypt is nothing more than the Valley of the Nile from the Mediterranean to Assouan, a tract of country containing about 14,000 square miles of cultivable land, just about half the size of Ireland. More than half this land is in the Delta, which is 160 miles broad at its Mediterranean base, but narrows to about ten miles at its head below Cairo. From this point to Assouan, the alluvial soil rarely extends to more than three or four miles on each side of the Nile, except at the quasi-oasis of the Fayoum, a tract of fertile land, thirty miles by forty, on the left bank of the river. There are also five oases which are situated in the Libyan Desert, several days' journey west of the Nile. These are depressions in the lofty desert table-land, which rises above them in steep limestone cliffs. They owe their fertility to their copious springs, which are supposed to come underground from the Nile. The Nile, as everybody knows, consists of two branches, the White and the Blue Nile, which unite at Khartoum. The former has its source in the great lake, the Victoria Nyanza; the latter, which rises in the Abyssinian mountains, is swollen annually by the melting of the snows, and thus produces the welcome phenomenon of the overflow of the Nile.

THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK

THE squadron of the 2nd Life Guards, under the command of Colonel Ewart, now on its way to Egypt in the *Calabria*, which vessel also carries Sir Garnet Wolseley, left Windsor on the 2nd instant, and proceeded by road to Knightsbridge Barracks, where they were inspected by the Prince of Wales, who wished them God speed and a happy return. Next morning at 4 A.M., the squadron started for the Docks, the men being in the highest spirits,

and heartily responding to the cheers of the many spectators, who, even at that early hour, assembled along the line of route.

The engraving, which forms part of our Extra Supplement, requires little description. The brave fellows, who in their home uniforms make such a splendid show either on sentry duty or parade, are now attired in clothing more suitable for a rough campaign in a hot and risky climate. They are mustered in one of the sheds of the dock awaiting the bugle call which is to be the signal for embarkation.

THE FORTS AT ABOUKIR

AN officer on board H.M.S. *Téméraire*, which formed one of the vessels detached from the Alexandria Fleet for the Aboukir Bay Squadron, thus describes the forts, of which he sends us a sketch:—"The Bay itself is apparently a straight line, relieved only by the forts, which are several miles apart. A more miserable-looking place I never saw. The forts on our arrival immediately hoisted the white flag, and the garrisons have declared for the Khédive."

This sounds plausible, but it is generally suspected that under cover of this flag of truce Arabi is utilising the force of a very powerful fort, and that the Admiral would have demanded its surrender but for orders received from home.

THE POST-OFFICE ARMY CORPS

THIS corps, the first detachment of which sailed for Egypt on Tuesday in the *British Prince* from Portsmouth, consists of 100 men from the Post-Office Volunteers (24th Middlesex) selected for service at the seat of war. They will be under the command of Captain Sturgeon, Army Postmaster, and Captain T. Viall, Assistant Army Postmaster, and their duties will be to receive and despatch mails wherever they may be stationed, the delivery of letters being left in the hands of the different regiments. The men, who were all in the highest spirits, apparently looking forward to the expedition more as a pleasure trip than as a dangerous mission, are armed with the combined sword-bayonet and saw. Our artist, Mr. F. Villiers, is a lieutenant in this corps.

THE RETURN OF THE YOUNG PRINCES

ON Saturday last the two years' cruise of the *Bacchante* came to an end, and the Queen's grandsons, Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales, reached home, after an enjoyable and instructive voyage. The *Bacchante*, Captain Lord Charles Scott, was met off St. Alban's Head, Portland, by the Royal Yacht *Osborne*, which had put out from Cowes with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters on board.

The Royal party left the yacht and went on board the corvette, where they were received by the officers of the ship, the young Princes acting as side midshipmen at the foot of the gangway ladder. The meeting was of the most affectionate character, the Princess expressing herself much surprised at the improvement which had taken place in the young sailors during their absence, especially with the great change in Prince Edward, who has grown much taller. After inspecting the ship the Prince and Princess and the young Princesses returned to the *Osborne*, accompanied by the Royal midshipmen. The vessels then proceeded slowly for the Needles, the *Osborne* leading the way. In Cowes Roads they drew up in front of Osborne, where the *Bacchante* saluted the Royal Standard with twenty-one guns. On reaching Cowes the *Osborne* made fast to her moorings whilst the other vessels anchored. The whole party landed at Trinity pier, and drove to Osborne to pay a visit to the Queen, returning the same evening to the Royal Yacht, which is their temporary home.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAVN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 157.

"THEIR FIRST VOYAGE:" PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES CROSSING THE DEE IN THE "CRADLE" AT ABERGELDIE

"ROCKED in the cradle of the deep," as the sailor Princes have been for two years, they may smile at the thought of the "cradle of the Dee," in which they made their very earliest voyage across the water. The cradle is a hanging seat (with room for three) which runs on wheels along a rope stretched from two platforms across the river just behind the castle.

As a rule, an attendant gillie accompanies the passenger or passengers.

The rope bellies slightly, and the cradle runs down at starting by its own weight; the gillie has to pull at the rope as he nears the opposite platform.

This is the route taken most Sundays by those who go to Crathie Church.

There have been rumours from time to time that the cradle was to be demolished, and a bridge built in its stead. For the sake of the picturesque we are glad that the idea has not been carried out.

Our engraving is taken from a water-colour drawing by Mr. Sydney Hall, painted for H.R.H. the Princess of Wales in 1876, and exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery this year.

BY THE MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

AFTER rushing through France by mail train, and experiencing the usual discomforts of travelling six in a carriage with luggage strewn about in all directions, we arrive in Marseilles about midnight, and once in bed soon forget the discomforts of the overland journey.

Early next morning we go on board the *Tali-foo*, French mail steamer, from Marseilles to Hong-Kong, stroll down the deck, rush ashore to get our luggage on to the huge omnibus, and then hurry on board again.

It is now 10 A.M., and five minutes later, after leave-taking of a more effusive character than in undemonstrative Albion, we have cast off, and are under steam. We pass the end of the *bâton* (concrete) breakwater, and Marseilles, looking eminently picturesque in the brilliant sunlight, presently fades fast out of sight.

The passengers are a polyglot collection. There are on board French, Dutch, Germans, Italians, Japanese, Indians, Arabs, and Jews. There are types here which are rarely if ever seen on board the P. and O., or other English steamers.

One of these vessels rarely takes a trip without a couple or more nuns aboard. Here are a brace of them (1), demurely engaged with their devotional books, whilst the little doctor converses with a young lady of more mundane proclivities.

This French belle (2) on her way to one of the French colonies, displays the *chic* of the Parisienne in her boots, her long Swedish gloves, and her daintily-dressed hair. She is certain to find friends among the male and enemies among the female sex.

(3) The fare on board the *Tali-foo* is excellent, and here we see the French *chef* and his Chinese *aides* preparing dinner.

(4) *Le Jockey Anglais* is a smart young lad, with a cheery, pleasant manner, and a quiet confidence enough for a dozen of "them there black fellows, who don't know 'ow an 'oss should be 'andled." None of his co-mates in the third class can speak English. His pity for them is amusing.

(5) The group of priests enjoying a good story are bound for Réunion. One of them is a travelled man. He has been in San Francisco, "guesses and calculates," and says (in joke), "I'm an American citizen, and am proud of it." The priests are not favourites with the majority of Frenchmen on board.

(6) Represents the passage through the Canal. Formerly, nothing worse was dreaded than a detention caused by some vessel getting aground. Now, there are apprehensions of mischief from Arabi's free lances.

(7) The officer is entranced by the young lady's performance of "Glou-glou" (*La Mascotte*). The French style it a flirtation à l'outrance, the English say, "It is really too much."

(8) A tombola is a lottery, to which every one on board contributes something, and then a hundred or more tickets are issued at a couple of francs each, the proceeds going to the Society for Saving Life (French). The entertainments consisted of sleight-of-hand by one of the waiters, comic ditties from an English passenger, the pianoforte playing, singing, and altogether "a high time." On the whole, the trip on board the *Tali-foo* was most pleasant.—Our engravings are from sketches by Messrs. Archibald Colquhoun, C.E., and Charles Wahab, C.E., who have just completed a journey through Southern China into Burma.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI AT CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE

CRAIG-Y-NOS, the residence of Madame Patti, stands in the narrow valley of the River Tawe, about twenty miles above Swansea (in Welsh Abertawe). The Castle may be reached on foot, for the carriage-road connects with a station some miles distant, from the little station of Penwyllt, situated amongst wild hills, some 800 feet above the sea, one of the bleakest, dreariest spots a traveller could be set down at. Thence a descent of some 500 feet by a mountain path leads to the Castle, which stands on the opposite side of the valley, beyond the Tawe, here a stream with wide bed, bordered with boulders and trunks of trees overthrown during its times of spate. The frowning mountains around are crowned with rocks, either of which might fitly give the name Craig-y-Nos—"Rock of Might"—to the locality.

The Castle stands on an elevation above the river, the space between being filled by a sloping terraced lawn and shrubbery; and, in spite of its mixed and inferior architecture, it has a very picturesque appearance. What most strikes the visitor is, perhaps, the immense winter garden, or conservatory, a device of *La Diva* herself, who wishes to obtain pure air and an equable temperature here during the tempestuous weather with which the valley is frequently visited. The designs have been carried out by Mr. Barron, of Swansea, and the result is a covered garden, which seems a fragment of the Southern world set down in the severe North. Everything is arranged so that the garden may not only be pleasant to visit occasionally, but may be a really luxurious resort.

The neighbourhood of the Castle is very picturesque, and is well worth a visit. Stalactite caverns of great size exist in the limestone cliffs, and an array of sub-Alpine plants awaits the botanist—carpets of moss saxifrage (*S. hypnoides*) and curtains of *Cystopteris fragilis* and the rarer *Asplenium viride* hang on the crags.

Our second engraving represents the presentation of an illuminated address to Patti by a deputation of the inhabitants of the district. The presentation was made by Dr. Thomas and Mr. George Dunkin. The day being sunny, it took place at the entrance to the Castle, as seen in the sketch. The deputation consisted of some dozen of Madame Patti's neighbours, and the address of welcome appeared to be endorsed very cordially by all. Mr. Fitzwilliam Hume Dick acknowledged the gift, and then Madame Patti invited all into the immense conservatory. Then a youth of sixteen, named Daniel Prothero, who accompanied the deputation, sang to Madame Patti a song of welcome which had been composed by a working man of the neighbourhood, and was rewarded by a hearty kiss on the forehead from the great singer.

She then invited all into the drawing-room, where she sang, with perfect simplicity and wonderful feeling, the ballad "Home, Sweet Home," pointing, as she concluded it, to the beautiful view from the window, where the cliff Craig-y-Nos towers above the shining stream of the Tawe. Further, she invited all to hear a vase of her own composition played upon the orchestra, a huge instrument, which plays the overtures of all her operas, in imitation of a full orchestra.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. T. H. Thomas, 45, The Walk, Cardiff.

THE VISIT OF CETEWAYO

ON Thursday last week the Union mail steamer *Arab*, after a protracted voyage caused by bad weather, reached Plymouth, bringing as passengers Cetewayo, the Zulu ex-King, and his attendant chiefs (two of whom are said to have led the Zulus at Rorke's Drift and Isandlana), Mr. Henriques Shepstone and an interpreter named Dunn—no relation, we believe, of John Dunn, of whose treachery Cetewayo is for ever complaining. A few privileged persons went out in the *Thames* mail tender to meet the *Arab* in Plymouth Sound, amongst whom were some newspaper reporters and Miss Luxmoore, of Okehampton Park, Devon, who had an interview with him on the quarter-deck, during which the lady presented him with a gold locket, saying through the interpreter, "It is the gift of an English lady to a brave man." The interview was brief and unimportant, conversation on the present condition of affairs in Zululand being peremptorily forbidden by Mr. Shepstone, and the visitors soon bade the ex-King "Good-bye," and returned to the tender, Cetewayo and his chiefs standing by the gangway as the vessels parted, and three cheers were given, a compliment which he acknowledged by raising his cap. The *Arab* then steamed away for Southampton, where the Zulu party landed in strict privacy, and being met by Mr. Bramston, of the Colonial Office, were soon whirled away by special train to London, where they are now staying at a house in Melbury Road, South Kensington, which is daily surrounded by a crowd of people anxious to obtain a glimpse of the ex-King. How long the visit is to last, and whether the hopes entertained by Cetewayo of a personal interview with the Queen and of restoration to his kingdom are to be realised, are as yet matters of conjecture. Meanwhile the fallen monarch is reported to be much pleased and astonished with all he sees and hears. He has visited the Houses of Parliament (where he yawned unmisguidedly), the Docks, the Crystal Palace, and the Zoological Gardens, in all of which he seemed much interested, and besides receiving several guests at his house, amongst them his old friend, Lady Florence Dixie, has had somewhat lengthy interviews with Lord Kimberley and Mr. Gladstone, the results of which have not yet been made public. His voyage from the Cape was a pleasant one, he and his followers suffering very little from sea-sickness. As for his personal appearance and attire, it may be stated that he wears the undress uniform of a British General, that he measures 60 in. round the hips, and 46 in. round the waist, and wears boots 12 in. long and 4½ in. wide across the sole.—Our engravings are from sketches supplied by Mr. Robert White Stevens, of the *Western Figaro*, Plymouth.

BRITISH WAR SHIPS IN COLLISION.—It is reported from Hong Kong that while the evolutionary fleet was working down from Nagasaki to Kobe in close division, the wind suddenly fell to a dead calm, and, as the fires were out and the screws up of every ship of the fleet, they were all perfectly helpless. The *Curaçoa* came into collision with the *Daring*, carrying away her boats, davits, and bulwarks, and interlocking with her spars and rigging. The *Foxhound* was signalled to lower her propeller, raise steam, and proceed to the rescue as rapidly as possible. She succeeded in towing the *Curaçoa* off, but not before she herself had fouled the *Daring*, and lost all her boats and davits on the port side. Both ships are ordered to Hong Kong for repairs.



THE MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—On Wednesday the members of the Government dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Lord Northbrook responded for the Navy, and Mr. Childers for the Army, the former speaking of the admirable efficiency and discipline displayed by the members of that service in Egypt, and acknowledging the indebtedness of the country to the Mercantile Marine for the means of transport; and the latter saying that nearly 40,000 men had been sent to Egypt to restore peace and order. Mr. Gladstone said that Egypt was a great gate which must be kept open, and England went there with clean hands and pure purposes. The Expedition was for the common interests of the whole civilised world, and there was no reason to fear but that it would be crowned with complete success. In regard to Ireland he was thankful that the Land Act had had a beneficial influence, and that outrages were diminishing. Legislation had this Session been prevented by the impotence of the House of Commons, and he looked to the nation to assist the Government in restoring the House of Commons to something of its ancient usefulness.

HOLIDAY SPEECHMAKING ON POLITICAL MATTERS has been plentiful enough from the lips of Conservative orators, amongst whom were Lord Salisbury, who, speaking to a meeting of working men at Hatfield, claimed that the principles of the late Government had been justified by the sincere flattery of imitators, and condemned the Arrears Bill as striking at the root of all our prosperity; Mr. Smith, who sarcastically inquired how far the Government had carried out its programme of peace, retrenchment, and reform; Lord Algoner Percy, who contrasted the late Government's "peace with honour" with the present Government's "excellent imitation of war—with dishonour;" Mr. Gibson, who accused Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry of doing more to demoralise Ireland than any of their predecessors; and Viscount Cranbrook, who compared the Premier to Ahab "who, when he could not get the vineyard, turned his face to the wall and sulked." On the Liberal side the chief speakers were Sir C. Dilke and Mr. T. B. Firth at Chelsea, and Mr. Cohen at Southwark, all of whom threw out ominous hints of what might happen to the House of Lords should the amendments to the Arrears Bill be persisted in; whilst the same subject occupied the attention of the Liberal Associations of West Ham and Burnley, each recording a strong protest against the "defiant" and "ill-advised" action of their lordships.

IRELAND.—The general condition of the country is happily much quieter just now, whether the fact be attributable to the operation of the new Prevention of Crimes Act, as is claimed by the supporters of the Government, or, as others say, to the wholesale release of the suspects. The first Special Commission under the new Act was opened in Dublin last week by Mr. Justice Lawson, who expressed his regret at the resignation of Mr. Baron Fitzgerald, brought about by conscientious objections to certain new duties which he held to be of an unconstitutional character. He himself had no doubt that the Legislature had acted wisely, and none that the Attorney-General would always exercise his new powers with discretion and judgment. The result, however, had been that many cases had been sent from various parts of Ireland to that Court to be tried by special juries, and he looked forward with some apprehension to a long sitting.—The agitation amongst the Royal Irish Constabulary is spreading in every direction, and the harsh words "mutiny," "disloyalty," "unsoldierly conduct," &c., employed by Colonel Bruce and Mr. Clifford Lloyd, to say nothing of the blunder of putting one of the men under arrest for obtaining signatures to a memorial, seem only to have made them more determined to have their demands granted. They have held meetings, issued circulars, and sent telegraphic messages to each other from different parts of the country, and according to one authority their latest word is that they will suspend the agitation for the present, but that if something is not done for them during the present Session they will resign in a body.

THE BANK HOLIDAY took place in such glorious summer weather that it is no wonder that the multitude of excursionists to places near and far from the metropolis was enormous, almost beyond precedent. The railway and steamboat companies did an immense business, and every place of outdoor resort around London was crowded with visitors. In the provinces too the day was very generally observed, and the only drawback to the National holiday is the rather long list of bathing and boating fatalities which occurred in different places inland and on the coast.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION began its Jubilee Meeting on Tuesday, at Worcester, where the parent Society were originated by Sir Charles Hastings, an ancestor of Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P. The members first attended Divine Service in the Cathedral, where the Dean of Worcester preached the sermon; and at the inaugural meeting Dr. W. Strange, of Worcester, the new President, delivered an address, in which he surveyed the history of medicine during the past half-century, condemned the hasty publication of discoveries until substantiated by the impartial testimony of many observers, and denounced the practices of advertising quacks. In addition to the scientific meetings of the Congress, there has been a public dinner, a garden party, and a *soirée*, besides a performance of the *Creation*, at the Cathedral, by the Philharmonic Society, and the presentation to the city of a marble bust of Sir Charles Hastings, the founder of the Association.

MR. GLADSTONE'S STATUE, presented to the inhabitants of East London by Mr. T. H. Bryant, and erected in the Bow Road, was unveiled on Wednesday by Lord Carlingford, who delivered a eulogistic sketch of the Premier's political career. Earl Granville who, on the same day, had attended a Liberal meeting at Stratford, to receive and acknowledge an address approving his foreign policy and expressing confidence in the Government, also made a speech, remarking that he had known Mr. Gladstone for fifty years, and saying that, were he free to do so, he would have liked to give his hearers some notion of his inner life, his merits as a colleague, and his charm as a political chief. He believed that the verdict of history would be, that no more noble and pure statesman had ever moulded the destinies of this great Empire.



THE TURF.—The Sussex Fortnight was brought to a conclusion last week at Brighton and Lewes. At the former, the outsider, Windsor, upset all calculations and won the Stakes, Fenelon won the Cup for the Duke of Hamilton, and Martini put a couple of races to the credit of Mr. Crawford. At Lewes, Fortissimo won the Lewes Handicap on the Friday and the Queen's Guineas on the Saturday, thus scoring four times within the fortnight. The last day at Lewes will be remembered for the success of Archer in all the six races in which he rode, a feat probably never before accomplished. A sovereign staked on his first mount and the winnings "left

down" for the others would have realised 44*l*.—This week there has been plenty of racing in all directions, the Bank Holiday, and the general tendency to extend it more or less through the week, giving caterers an opportunity, of which they are very ready to take advantage, of providing racing for metropolitan holiday-makers. Hence the meetings at Croydon, Kempton Park, and Windsor. Northwards there have been meetings at Halifax, Paisley, and elsewhere; but they have been more of a holiday character than anything else. The St. Leger market has recently been very quiet, but Geheimnis, the Oaks winner, and Shotover, the Derby heroine, firmly maintain their places at the head of the poll. The former is at the shorter odds, but there seems to be a growing feeling that the latter is most fitted for the Doncaster course.

CRICKET.—The beginning of the end of the cricket season may be said to be marked by the Canterbury Week, which commenced at the old Cathedral City on Monday last, in splendid weather, and with a most fashionable attendance. The first match was between the Australians and the Kent Eleven, but it fared with the home county as it fared with other counties at the hands of our visitors, and it was beaten by seven wickets. But it was not disgraced; and Mr. Tylecote's 100 (not out), Mr. Patterson's 19 and 59, Lord Harris's 17 and 24, and Mr. Wilson's 57 and 50, show that Kent has still champions, as in her most palmy days of cricket, who can effectually handle the willow. On the Wednesday a very handsome testimonial of silver plate was presented to Lord Harris in recognition of his great exertions and success in bringing about a revival of Kent County Cricket. No testimonial of its kind was ever better deserved.—A good match has been played at Sheffield between Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, the latter being defeated by 29 runs. In his second innings Mr. W. G. Grace scored 56 in his best style, and for Yorkshire the Hon. M. B. Hawke made 66.—Gloucestershire has also suffered another defeat, the Australians having beaten the Western county by an innings and 159 runs. For the Colonists Horan made the big figures of 141 (not out), and for Gloucestershire the only large score was Mr. W. G. Grace's 77.—Lancashire has beaten Yorkshire in their return match by the narrow majority of 16 runs.—Derbyshire, as might have been expected, has succumbed to Yorkshire, losing the game by seven wickets, after having had the best of the first innings, in which Mr. Foster scored 101.—Surrey has received at the Oval a terrible dressing from Nottinghamshire, the latter getting no less than 501 runs in its first innings, of which Shrewsbury contributed 407 and Barnes 130. No such innings as that of Shrewsbury has been played at the Oval in a first-class match. Surrey lost by an innings and 189 runs.—As matters at present stand with inter-county cricket, Nottinghamshire and Lancashire hold the lead, each having sustained only one defeat in *bond-fide* county matches. Nottingham, however, having beaten Lancashire, is entitled to the first place.—The Orleans Club has had the honour of contributing some of the tallest scoring on record to the annals of cricket, as in a match against Rickling Green it scored the grand total of 920 in its first innings. Of this Mr. A. H. Trevor was credited with 338, Mr. G. F. Vernon with 259, and Mr. J. C. Partridge with 90.

ATHLETICS.—Two wonderful performances in the way of running should be put on record. Mr. H. R. Ball, of the London Athletic Club, has run 220 yards in 21 1-5 seconds, and Mr. W. G. George, the creator of so many "records," has done 1,000 yards in 2 minutes 16 1-5 seconds. This is the fastest time ever recorded in this country, but Mr. Myers, the American Amateur Champion, is credited with having done the distance in three seconds and a fraction less.

BICYCLING.—Another wonderful performance on the bicycle has been accomplished by the ex-amateur champion, Mr. H. L. Cortis, who at Surbiton Recreation Grounds has ridden twenty miles in 59 minutes 20 1-5 seconds. This beats his former achievement by 11 3-5 seconds. In the course of his ride, Mr. Cortis beat all previous records from three miles upwards, and riding out time did 20 miles 320 yards in the hour, an unprecedented performance.

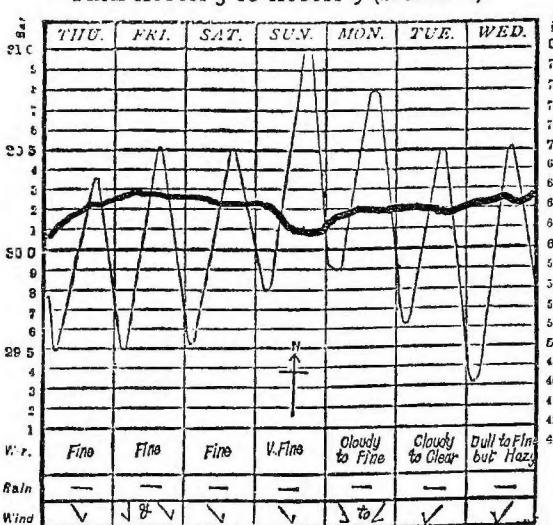
CORACLE RACES.—A curious feature of the annual regattas, held at Chester, is the coracle race. The coracle, much used by North Wales fishermen and on the River Dee, is a wicker basket covered with waterproof. On Friday, the 4th inst., no less than nine entered, and there was a very good contest for a quarter of a mile. We believe this is the only regatta in the world at which coracle racing can be seen.

SWIMMING.—The Swimming Association of Great Britain has this year arranged the Amateur Championship Meeting to take place at Edgbaston Reservoir, Birmingham, on Saturday, August 19th, this being the first time in the provinces. The meeting, at which the Championship, distance one mile, will be decided, is under distinguished patronage, and promises to be a very big affair.

SHOOTING.—After something like a scare a few weeks ago, when some alarming reports of the prevalence of grouse disease got about, there seems to be a general prospect of good sport on both Scotch and English Moors on "The Twelfth."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM AUGUST 3 TO AUGUST 9 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the whole of the past week the weather of our neighbourhood has been under the influence of an anti-cyclone, and conditions have consequently been fair and dry. At the beginning of the period the centre of the high pressure area lay to the westward of us, and our wind was consequently north-westerly, but on Monday (7th inst.) it moved to the northward, and the wind shifted to the north-east. Temperature, although rather higher than of late, has not risen so much as might have been anticipated, excepting on Sunday (6th inst.), when it reached a maximum of 80°. On Friday (4th inst.), Saturday (5th inst.), Tuesday (8th inst.), and Wednesday (6th inst.) it did not get above 70°, and on Thursday (3rd inst.) was only 67°. The barometer was highest (30.29 inches) on Friday (4th inst.); lowest (30.08 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.); range, 0.21 inches. Temperature was highest (80°) on Sunday (6th inst.); lowest (47°) on Wednesday (5th inst.); range, 33°. No rain has fallen.



THE GROSVENOR GALLERY was open, free, to the public last Sunday, under the auspices of the Sunday Society, when 1,140 persons were admitted, most of the visitors belonging to the poorer classes.

THE NEW REPLY POST-CARDS will be issued on October 2nd, at the cost of a little over 1*d*. apiece. The cards will be made like a return ticket, so that the half intended for the reply can be detached from the remainder.

THE CABDRIVERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION has arranged an excursion to Brighton and Shoreham, on Thursday, the 17th inst., when it is expected 1,000 cabmen and their wives will proceed to Brighton for one day at the seaside.

THE "EIRA" SEARCH EXPEDITION has reached Karmakula, Novaya Zembla, after a stormy and foggy voyage. Sir Allan Young reports that the *Eira* was boarded off here by the Russians last July, but nothing further has been heard of the vessel.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR FOR POOR CHILDREN is earnestly pleaded for by many deserving charities at this season, and amongst others by the Gee Street Mission and Ragged School, St. Luke's, E.C. Moreover, unless the institution is speedily helped, the work of eighteen years must come to a standstill. Subscriptions will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Rudgley, 82, Wood Street, Cheapside.

"CALLER HERRIN," by J. E. Millais, R.A., has been very successfully engraved by H. Herkomer, A.R.A.; and although, when we remember the "Last Muster" and other pictures by the same artist, we wonder whether his labour had not been better spent in painting, yet, on looking at the engraving, we could not say that time had been thrown away in reproducing the picture. The engraving is published by the Fine Art Society.

NATIVE ART IN JAPAN has been so influenced of late by European models that the Government are alarmed lest the distinctive character of their national paintings should be lost altogether. Accordingly a competitive exhibition of native pictures is to be held at Tokio, under State control, where no works in the European style will be admitted. Foreign influence, too, has even extended to shipbuilding, and the picturesque old junk will soon be a thing of the past, only to be seen in paintings.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS now contain a curious venomous lizard—the Heloderma (*Heloderma horridum*) of Mexico and Lower California, popularly called a scorpion by the natives. Its bite is deadly to small mammals, and also causes considerable suffering to human beings, as a traveller in Mexico, who was stung by one of these reptiles, described his symptoms as similar to those of snake bite. The present specimen is believed to be the first which has reached Europe alive, and has been given to the Gardens by Sir John Lubbock.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,370 against 1,399 in the previous seven days, being a decline of 29, and 353 below the average, while the death-rate fell to 18.4 per 1,000. There were 33 deaths from measles (a decrease of 7), 1 from smallpox (a decline of 1, and 12 below the average), 38 from scarlet fever (a fall of 9), 15 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), 57 from whooping cough (a decrease of 6), 1 from typhus, 13 from enteric fever (a decline of 3), 118 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 10), and 6 from simple cholera. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 193 from 183, and were 22 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 47 deaths, of which 39 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,546 births registered, being a decrease of 31, but 8 above the average. The mean temperature was 62.5 deg.—0.1 deg. below the average.

A WAGNER ALMANACK has been compiled by a Baireuth enthusiast, each day of the year being marked by some fact connected with the composer's life. These facts are not always of great importance, one day being noted solely for Herr Wagner having written a post card, but every insignificant event is minutely recorded, even to the births and deaths of the chief Wagnerian partisans. Probably the almanack will be bought as eagerly as the likenesses of Herr Wagner which adorn the Baireuth shops in every shape and form, from a tiny leaden medal to a finished marble bust. Then there is the "Parsifal" shawl for his feminine admirers, or the "Kundry" necktie for masculine disciples. *Parsifal*, by the way, has proved a far more expensive affair than was expected, and though the King of Bavaria pays all the singers and orchestra from the Munich Theatre, the unlucky society of patrons will have to provide 4,200*l*. for the additional vocalists.

MOUNTAINEERING HAS PROVED ESPECIALLY FATAL this season, and disastrous accidents are reported both from home and abroad. Thus, a young Englishman, Mr. Penhall, of London, and a practised guide, Andreas Maurer, have been killed in the ascent of the Wetterhorn, in the Bernese Oberland. They left Grindelwald on the night of the 2nd inst., intending to return from the ascent by the next afternoon, and as they did not appear in the evening, inquiries were made at Rosenbain, thinking they had descended by another route. Nothing had been heard of them, however, so a relief party of an English doctor and four guides set out early in the morning, and, after several hours' search, found the two bodies lying in the snow with their necks broken. The rope had not given way, and it is evident that either one of the two slipped, or that an avalanche of snow had overtaken the climbers and forced them over some steep rocks. The bodies were brought back to Grindelwald for burial. Curiously enough Mr. Penhall belonged to the same college as Professor Balfour, Trinity College, Cambridge. In Cumberland, a Unitarian Minister, the Rev. W. A. Pope, ascended the Great Gable Mountain, one of the highest peaks in England, with a party, on Monday. He lost his footing on a slippery sward, and subsequently fell over a precipice, where his body was found later.

"DIEPPE," writes a correspondent, "is greatly improving. The visitors are of a very good class, and new buildings are springing up on every side—a material proof of prosperity. The bathing is good, and there is an extensive grass plot in front of the sea where English and French wage unceasing lawn-tennis warfare. Indeed, the French appear to be getting quite active. They have instituted a species of bastard lawn-tennis, without nets, and play a vigorous game of the same genus with bats like tambourines, perfectly handle-less. The women also swim exceedingly well, and of course dance to perfection. One of the prettiest sights to be seen here is a children's ball, of which there is one weekly at the Casino. Children of all ages take part in it, from tiny tots of two to strapping lasses of fifteen. The little children only join hands and form a ring, keeping time to the music with their feet. Though they do not dance, this certainly gives them self-possession, and they learn to walk about a ball-room without that appearance of awkwardness which so many English seem to display. At the close all the children form into procession, and go in fours to bow their adieux to the Mistress of the Ceremonies, who stands in state, flanked on each side by a footman bearing trays of *patisserie* and *bon-bons*, to which the dancers are allowed to help themselves. The appearance of *bébé* before and after he has made his bow and received his cake is a most amusing contrast."



1. ABOKIR BAY 2. ROSETTA RAILWAY 3, 3, 3. ARABI PASHA'S POSITION 4. CANAL PUMPING STATION 5. ROUTE TO CAIRO 6. RAMLEH WATERWORKS 7. NAVAL BRIGADE 8. RAILWAY EMBANKMENT 9. CANAL BRIDGE HELD BY ENGLISH 10. LAKE MAREOTIS

THE WAR IN EGYPT: ARABI PASHA'S POSITION ON THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL NEAR KAHR DOWAR FROM THE BRITISH LINES AT RAMLEH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—While awaiting the arrival of the main body of British troops, the small force at Alexandria have engaged in the first important skirmish of the campaign. Anxious to ascertain Arabi's true position and strength, Sir Archibald Alison on Saturday successfully pushed forward a reconnaissance towards the Egyptian lines at Kafr Dowar. Some 1,400 British operated in three columns. The Naval Brigade and Marines, with Captain Fisher's useful ironclad train, carrying a 40-pounder, worked to the right on the railway beyond Mahalla; the left wing, consisting of detachments of the 38th and 46th Regiments, moved along the east bank of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal; and the 60th Rifles formed the centre of the position. The Egyptians received the attack with heavy fire, and indeed showed unexpected steadiness, but they were ultimately driven back by the firm advance of our troops, who behaved admirably. Sir Archibald Alison did not, however, intend to retain the advanced positions, and having gained the necessary information the troops retired towards Ramleh "with the regularity of a field day," says the General, although unfortunately not without considerable casualties. The Marines suffered most, as they bore the brunt of the fight, but they behaved with great pluck, the men working the guns under a shower of shot as coolly as though at drill. They had accordingly two men killed and twenty-two wounded, but the Regulars only lost Lieutenant Howard Vyse, of the Rifles—a most promising young officer, shot early in the struggle—and his servant, three privates being wounded. Two of the wounded have since died, while the Egyptian loss is generally estimated at about three hundred. Several prisoners have been taken, who are much surprised at their kind treatment, and do not want to return to Arabi, telling plentiful histories of the discontent in his camp. By this reconnaissance Arabi is found to have concentrated his main strength—said to be about 16,000 men—near Kafr Dowar, instead of retiring on Damanhour, as had been reported, but his positions are well fortified, and he has now reoccupied the outposts attacked on Saturday, bringing up reinforcements and entrenching the sandy ridge where the chief fighting occurred. Altogether, successful as the engagement was, some doubt is felt whether it will produce any real effect on the Egyptians, as the positions taken were so speedily vacated, and Arabi has already issued a highly coloured account of the affair, announcing the British defeat with considerable loss. He has also taken a hint from our side by establishing an ironclad train, and daily brushes occur on the railway round Mahalla, where the British lay down the rails, and the Egyptians as industriously pull them up again. Indeed this style of harassing warfare prevails all round Alexandria, and as the Bedouins give a great deal of trouble the want of light cavalry is much felt. Between Ramleh and Aboukir the Egyptians have been constructing earthworks, and the *Superb* was obliged to shell the men out of the defences, but no attack has yet been made on the Aboukir Forts proper, although the works continue under cover of the white flag, and troops are still arriving to swell the garrison. Except Aboukir, the British now hold the whole of the Alexandrian peninsula, having occupied Mexs with a naval contingent.

Alexandria is resuming her normal condition, the ruins have been cleared away with marvellous celerity, and both natives and Europeans are pouring back into the city, and putting up temporary huts for business in the Great Square. Still, it is most undesirable that the inhabitants should return in any numbers, for the stoppage of all public and private works must cause distress; while the water-supply is totally insufficient for a large population. Already the people have been put on a daily allowance, and next week the water will only be turned on for a short time on alternate days. The Khédive has announced that he will indemnify all the sufferers by the destruction of Alexandria, irrespective of nationality, and again issues "his people a fresh proclamation against Arabi. The rebel leader retaliates by a manifesto, in which he gives an elaborately false account of Tewfik's treachery, and declares that the Sultan has deposed the "traitor," and will "send troops to assist us to drive out our enemies"—an ingenious mode of turning the expected arrival of Turkish troops to his own advantage. From all accounts Arabi is very strongly supported at Cairo, and a European who was present at the mass meetings reports that genuine enthusiasm was shown. Mr. De Chair is still at Cairo, where his arrival caused a great sensation, owing to a report that he was Admiral Seymour, who had been taken prisoner. The lad is kindly treated. Arabi is fully alive to the importance of protecting the capital from an attack in the direction of Suez, and is gathering forces at Tel-el-Kebir, a station on the road between Cairo and Suez, and about midway between Zagazig and Ismailia. Here, also, he would be able to cut the sweet-water canal, which supplies both Ismailia and Suez. This movement is evidently due to the British occupation of Suez, where 450 marines took possession last week in readiness for the arrival of Indian troops. No resistance was offered; and although the population fled, they are now beginning to return. Admiral Hewett's little garrison has been strengthened by the arrival of the Seaforth Highlanders from Aden. It is reported that a strong body of Egyptian troops are at Ismailia, and that Arabi is making a chain of earthworks to Tel-el-Kebir, but as yet all is quiet along the Canal, although Port Said continues very agitated.

The protection of the Canal is still before the Conference at Constantinople, where the delegates, after having been delayed by Russia last week, have now been hampered by the lack of a French Ministry. Italy proposes that the Powers should join in a mere temporary maritime police supervision of the Canal, and up to the present time all the Powers except England are willing to accept the plan. The difficulty of Turkish armed intervention has, however, entered a more satisfactory phase, for the Porte has at last not only consented to issue the required proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel, but to conclude a military convention with England, regulating the action of the troops in Egypt. Lord Dufferin was to receive the draft of the proclamation against Arabi on Wednesday, and it is stated that the manifesto is very satisfactory, sternly condemning the Egyptian leader's conduct, and reasserting the Porte's friendly relations with England. The terms of the convention, however, will afford scope for plentiful negotiations, while it seems likely that the proclamation will be only despatched from the Turkish vessels on their arrival at Alexandria, before the troops actually land. Thus further delays are probable, for the Sultan, though forced to yield by England's firm attitude, and further stung by Arabi's proclamation concerning the arrival of the Turkish troops, has not lost his old dread of rousing the ire of the Mahomedan world by acting against the Nationalists. Although, therefore, a portion of the Turkish contingent have started, they are merely to assemble for the present at Suda Bay.

The last of the INDIAN contingent was expected to leave on Wednesday, and the troops despatched have shown the utmost enthusiasm, much disappointment being felt by those regiments originally intended for the service, and who have been left behind by orders from home. Considering the alarming suggestions respecting the danger of native troops fraternising with their fellow believers, it is gratifying to note the re-assuring declarations of a prominent native at a farewell dinner to General Macpherson. The speaker dwelt strongly on the advantages of the union of England and

India, and prophesied that gradually the distinctions of race and creed would sink into insignificance, and the "native of India will be as proud of being a British subject as the native of Kent."

FRANCE has been closely absorbed by her own Ministerial crisis, which continued so long as to cause a deadlock of public business, besides arousing hearty derision. Not one prominent man could be found to take office, and at last a "Cabinet de Conciliation" has been formed, consisting, curiously enough, not only of those who voted with the late Ministry on its fall, but of five Ministers in the former Cabinet, the Ministers of War, Marine, Posts and Telegraphs, and Agriculture, while the former Commerce Minister takes the Finance portfolio. M. Duclerc, the new Premier and Foreign Minister, is a Senator of seventy, who was Finance Minister in 1848, and has never held office since; MM. Fallières, Duvaux, and Legrand, who undertake the Interior, Public Instruction, and Commerce, are untried men; while M. Devès, Minister of Justice, took charge of the Agricultural Department under M. Gambetta. Altogether the new Cabinet is Gambettist in tendency, yet anti-Radical at home, and strongly opposed to intervention abroad, but it is considered so completely as a stop-gap that the public in general does not pay much heed to its opinions. Indeed, it is hardly likely that the Ministry will live beyond the recess. M. Duclerc brought forward a mild and colourless programme in the Chamber, supporting the recent vote of the House, "which was a vote of prudence, not abdication," and promising to take no important step abroad without summoning the Chamber, while affording a similar engagement respecting home affairs. M. Clémenceau violently attacked the new Cabinet, but the Ministers managed to get their first measure passed nevertheless—the vote of the direct taxes—for both Houses were eager to take their delayed holidays.

IN PARIS a grand "Fête de la Jeunesse" has taken place in the Tuileries Gardens for the benefit of the Parisian charitable institutions for children. Unfortunately, two young men were killed by taking hold of the electric wire used in the evening illuminations.—There has been one theatrical novelty, a prosy historical drama at the Nations—*Bertrade de Montfort*, by M. Emile Hamont.—The harvest will be moderately favourable, the yield being plentiful in the east and south. Fruit is abundant, and the vintage promises well.

AUSTRIA.—The friendly relations so sedulously fostered of late between Austria and Italy have been considerably disturbed by recent events in Trieste. Last week Trieste celebrated the 500th anniversary of her union with Austria, much to the wrath of the "Italia Irredenta" party, who have a strong following in the city, and issued a proclamation protesting against the festivities. The Emperor's brother, Archduke Karl Ludwig, came to Trieste to open the Industrial Exhibition, and a torchlight procession was organised in his honour, when, as the procession was passing along the chief street, a shell was thrown from a house, killing one young man, and wounding a number of others. The alarmed crowd, finding no one in the house, rushed off to the Italian Consulate to make a hostile demonstration, subsequently wrecked the offices of the *Indipendente* newspaper, and smashed the windows of those *cafés* frequented by Italians. Order was restored with difficulty, and similar disturbances followed on successive evenings, so that the town has been in a most agitated condition. The Austrian Government has formally apologised for the demonstration against the Italian Consulate, but the Viennese Press are very violent on the subject, and accuse the present Cabinet of favouring the Italian above the German element. ITALY is seriously annoyed at the whole affair, and the official Roman journals carefully point out that the crime was due solely to the Irredentists, and proclaim the good understanding between the two countries. Meanwhile the Emperors of AUSTRIA and GERMANY have held their annual meeting at Ischl, Emperor William spending two days with his brother sovereign on his way home from Gastein. The German Emperor has now gone to Babelsberg for a short rest before the military manoeuvres, which begin next week, and on September 2 the Emperor will review the United Guard Corps near Berlin. Prince Bismarck has given up his customary water-cure at Kissingen from stress of work, and it is stated that the Chancellor has decided to defer enforcing the recent ecclesiastical laws in the hopes of a better agreement with the Vatican. Clerical authorities at home, however, are no more conciliatory, for the Bishop of Breslau, hitherto considered a temperate man, has commanded all those priests appointed by the State to resign their posts at once. It is feared that this step may lead to grave troubles, as those prelates who threaten public officials with punishment render themselves liable to fines and imprisonment.

INDIA.—Natives have been greatly astonished and delighted by one of their countrymen, Baboo Romesh Chander Mitter, being appointed Acting Chief Justice of Bengal during the British Chief Justice's absence,—a step by which Lord Ripon, says the *Indian Spectator*, "has more than justified the most sanguine expectations of educated natives."—The lengthy negotiations with the Burmese Embassy have resulted in a provisional arrangement, subject to the King's ratification; but there are great doubts whether Theebaw will ever consent to a reasonable Treaty.—The Mahomedans and Hindoos have again come into collision, this time at Salem, in Madras. Military aid had to be called in, two men having been killed and several wounded.

UNITED STATES.—A splendid harvest is expected, the yield of wheat being enormous. Potatoes are so plentiful that enough buyers cannot be found, while the tobacco crop in Kentucky is the largest ever yet raised. A less satisfactory item is the yellow fever epidemic in Texas, which is spreading considerably. Congress has been hurrying over business, so as to adjourn after a lengthy Session of eight months; and there has been a quarrel in the Senate over the expense incurred during General Garfield's illness,—a violent attack being made on the doctors who attended the late President. The vote was cut down one-half, with the stipulation that the doctors should not have more than 7,000*l*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA it is proposed that the Czar's coronation should be deferred till the Czarewitch attains his majority next May. The Imperial family are going to Gatchina, where all the people employed in the neighbourhood have been photographed by the police, so that no stranger may slip in amongst them.—SPAIN is threatened with agrarian troubles, the Valencian farmers and peasants having formed a league to hold back their produce, severely punishing those who yield; while the Catalonians refuse to pay the heavy taxes, and the civil guard have had to storm several houses. Dearth prevails in Andalusia, and the Government are obliged to establish relief works.—In SOUTH AFRICA the agitation against Cetewayo's restoration increases, and a mass meeting at Durban has solemnly protested against such a course. A Boer force has been severely defeated by the Chief Montsica on the Transvaal border.



THE QUEEN and the chief members of the Royal Family remain in the Isle of Wight, where the Royal circle has been joined by Princes Albert Victor and George, on their return home. On Saturday Her Majesty was visited by the young Princes immediately on their arrival, and next morning the Queen, with the

Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, Princess Beatrice, the two Princesses of Prussia, and the Duke of Albany, attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. G. Connor officiating. On Monday, Her Majesty received Lord Charles Scott, of the *Bacchante*, and conferred on him the Order of the Bath; subsequently presenting the Order of St. Michael and St. George to the Rev. J. N. Dalton, the Governor to the young Princes of Wales. In the evening, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Miss Tait, who had arrived on a visit, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Lord Charles Scott dined with the Queen. On Tuesday the Queen received the officers of the *Bacchante*, and gave another small dinner-party, while next day Her Majesty went to Portsmouth to inspect the vessels leaving for Egypt. Her Majesty walks and drives out daily with the various members of the family, while the Princess Beatrice frequently goes out in the steam launch of the Royal yacht.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are staying on board the *Osborne*, with their children, and the Prince takes part in the chief yachting festivities at Cowes, being present at the Yacht Squadron Dinner, and witnessing the Cowes regatta. He will not compete in any of the races this season, however, although his yacht, the *Aline*, is at Cowes. On Saturday night, the Prince and Princess gave a dinner-party on board the *Osborne*, to celebrate their sons' return, when the chief officers of the *Bacchante* were among the guests, and on Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service on board the *Bacchante*. The two young Princes were confirmed on Tuesday at Whippingham Church, the Queen and all the Royal Family being present, and on Wednesday the Prince and Princess and their family went over to Portsmouth.

The Duke of Edinburgh's thirty-eighth birthday was kept on Sunday with the usual honours of salutes and bell-ringing.—The Duke of Connaught reached Malta in the *Orius* on Monday, and was reported to be looking much the better for his voyage. He accompanied the Governor on shore, and dined at the Union Club, leaving again the same evening.—Prince and Princess Christian, with their two sons, have gone to the Continent for two months. They are now at Darmstadt, whence they go to Pontresina, and later to Berlin.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany will not go to Germany yet, but leave the Isle of Wight for Balmoral early next month. On their way North they will visit Preston, staying first with the Earl and Countess of Lathom near Ormskirk, and going thence to Preston on September 3rd for the Duke to lay the foundation stone of the Free Library with Masonic honours.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.—The Right Rev. E. R. Wilberforce was last week installed in the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, the chief parish church of Newcastle. On arriving in the porch an address of welcome from the laity of the Diocese was presented by the Duke of Northumberland, and one from the clergy by the Rev. Canon Martin, Vicar of Newcastle, to both of which Dr. Wilberforce feelingly replied. The ceremony of installation and enthronement was performed by the Bishop of Durham, and the procession included the Mayors and Corporations of Newcastle, Tynemouth, Morpeth, and Berwick, the Brethren of Newcastle Trinity House, and most of the clergy of the new Diocese, with many from that of Durham. The usual morning service followed, the new Bishop preaching the sermon. A public luncheon was afterwards given in the Town Hall, the Duke of Northumberland presiding, and in the evening, at a *conversazione*, several addresses of welcome were presented to the new Bishop.

A PRAYER FOR THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS engaged in the war in Egypt has been issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a recommendation to the clergy of his Diocese for its regular use at public worship.

THE POOR CLERGY RELIEF CORPORATION held its annual meeting on Tuesday, the President, the Bishop of London, being in the chair. The report spoke of both increased income and expenditure, the total amount of grants being 7,195*l*, against 6,616*l* in the previous year. The Committee plead for increased support, as many of the clergy who in former years supported the Corporation are now compelled to seek its aid, owing to the inability of farmers to pay their tithes and the rent of glebe lands.

THE NEW CHURCH (SWEDENBORGIAN) CONFERENCE, held this year at Glasgow, began on Tuesday, when the Rev. R. Story, of Heywood, was chosen President, and the Conference sermon was preached by the Rev. John Presland, of London.

"THE SINGING PILGRIMS," Mr. Philip Phillips and his son, are announced by the Young Men's Christian Association to give on Sunday evening, September 3, at Exeter Hall, a "Song Sermon," and a service consisting of "Congregational Singing and Bible Readings, interspersed with comments, duets, and sacred solos."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WORKING MEN'S SOCIETY began its annual meeting on Saturday, when resolutions were passed expressing indignation at the continued imprisonment of the Rev. S. F. Green, and declaring that Churchmen could not and would not recognise the authority of Parliament, and the Courts created by it, to deprive a priest of the cure of souls committed to him by Almighty God through the appointed ministers of His Church.



COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These entertainments, which for a good many years have constituted an essential feature of the summer and early autumn season, were resumed on Saturday under precisely the same conditions as last year. A new decoration was, of course, a *sine quâ non*, and it must be admitted that the set-scene behind the orchestra, representing a Spanish town, its Moorish gates and picturesque surroundings, not to enter into further details which have already been described at length, says much for the taste of Messrs. Jones and Barber, who, with the artistic aid of Mr. Bruce Smith and the co-operation of Mr. C. Tod Pullen, have effected the whole transformation in the brief lapse of time between the last performance of Italian opera and the first Promenade Concert. That the Floral Hall is again appropriated as a lounge, where smoking is the rule rather than the exception—whatever may in strict conscience be said against the desecration of a place which, ever and anon during the operatic season, is the cherished home of rare unfeathered singing-birds and fashionable assemblies—will be taken for granted. Those, however, who go to the theatre neither to while away an hour in the Floral Hall, nor to chat with the ladies behind the counters of the restaurant (all, by the way, clad in appropriate Iberian costume), but simply to hear the music, have little cause for disappointment. There is, as before, a numerous and highly efficient orchestra, almost exclusively consisting of English players, with Mr. Carrodus,

whose name is a tower of strength, as leading violin, and professors of well-earned eminence at the head of each separate department—Messrs. Doyle, Howell, Ould, Radcliff, Barrett, Egerton, Standen, Hughes, Cheshire, passing necessarily over many others, for example. Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe, again musical director and conductor, bids fair to confirm the favourable impression created by his exertions a twelvemonth since. Without any pretence of finesse or intellectually "new readings," he handles the baton firmly and discreetly, and his orchestra goes well accordingly, as was shown among other things by the excellent performance of Rossini's ever fresh and brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, and the *Andante* in A flat from Beethoven's great C minor symphony in the first part of the concert. It was also demonstrated in the *Andante* and *rondo* from Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto No. 1, played with spirit by Miss Florence Waud, and the more trying accompaniments to the opening movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, magnificently executed by our great English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, who introduced the elaborate and difficult *cadenza* of his friend and preceptor, the late Bernhard Molique. Other proofs of the efficiency of the orchestra were given in the ballet-music from Gounod's *Faust*, and a "grand selection" from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; and it was agreeable for genuine lovers of music to observe how attentively these pieces were listened to by a majority of the overflowing audience, and how loudly they were applauded. The second part began with a *pot-pourri* on familiar English melodies, well selected and cleverly put together by Mr. Fred Godfrey, in which solos for the cornet-a-pistons (Mr. Howard Reynolds, the Koenig of the period), ophicleide (Mr. S. Hughes, who, not for the first time, showed what music could be got out of that seemingly intractable instrument, when ably and discreetly handled), piccolo (Mr. W. L. Barrett, as consummate a master of the little flute as his constant associate, Mr. Radcliff, is of the big one), and trombone (Mr. Halfield), were prominent features, the pompous march from Gounod's *Reine de Saba* bringing the concert to a close. The vocalists were Mdlle. Elly Warnots (late of the Royal Italian Opera), Madame Enriquez, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Thurley Beale, a thoroughly competent quartet, from whom a part-song by Mendelssohn, or our own regretted Henry Smart, would have been thrice welcome. As it was, however, their exertions were limited to solos. Mdlle. Warnots sang the air, with violin obbligato, from Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs* (so often heard from the mellituous lips of Albiani), in such finished style, and was so admirably accompanied by Mr. Carrodus, that an "encore" was inevitable. A similar compliment was paid to Mr. Vernon Rigby, who gave the ballad, "Anita" (Brinley Richards), with genuine expression, but instead of repeating it when called back to the orchestra substituted "La donna è mobile," from Verdi's *Rigoletto*; Madame Enriquez, too, was equally and as deservedly successful with Ciro Pinsuti's "Heaven and Earth," which, in obedience to the unanimous wish of the audience, she was compelled to sing again. Into further particulars it is needless to enter. The concert, excellent of its kind throughout and giving unqualified satisfaction, augured favourably for the performances to come. On Wednesday, the first "Classical Night," the orchestral symphony chosen for the occasion was Mozart's incomparable C major, with the fugued *finale*, which the famous pianist and composer J. B. Cramer (not Mozart) christened "Jupiter," a name which has long been accepted as gospel, and which is likely to stick to it for ever.

WAIFS.—The performances of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* in Brussels are to be given in November at the Alhambra Theatre. —The Municipal Council of Paris have suggested that one of the leading thoroughfares should be named after Hector Berlioz—like the Rue Rossini, the Rue Boieldieu, the Rue Auber, the Rue Meyerbeer, &c.—Bellini's monument at Catania will be "inaugurated" early in September. —The Czar, who is said to be a genuine amateur of music, has given directions for the establishment of a permanent Court band, in lieu of the bands of the Guard Regiments, whose attendance at the Imperial Court was inevitably irregular. —The alterations in the Berlin Opera House for the better security of the public against fire are being rapidly carried out.



WHEN some fifteen years ago a relaxation of the old practice of the Lord Chamberlain began to favour the construction of new theatres, it was foreseen that the multiplication of playhouses would ultimately induce managers to cultivate permanently instead of fitfully some special department of the drama so as to acquire for their houses a distinctive reputation. The result has fully justified this expectation. We have now comedy houses, burlesque extravaganza houses, melodrama houses, and houses which are associated with farcical comedy and with opera-bouffe. It was perhaps a necessary consequence of this movement that DRURY LANE should at length settle down, as it has finally done under Mr. Augustus Harris's management, as the recognised home of romantic drama of the spectacular kind. The cause of this is simply its enormous stage, which, unfavourable as it is to the display of the finer qualities of acting, is indispensable if free scope is to be given to the talents of the scenic artist, and the stage carpenter and machinist. No doubt romantic drama also suffers here from the vastness of its surroundings. The chivalrous sentiments of the hero, the plaintive appeals of the persecuted heroine, above all the action and facial expression of these and other personages, which are essential elements in the actor's art, are apt to be overpowered and lost in the wide field of the Drury Lane stage, and to miss their effect in the case of all but the nearer rows of spectators. This is, however, as we have said a necessary condition of melodrama, which seeks aid in a wholesale way from scenic illustration, and ingenious devices for producing "sensation," and therefore it is that Drury Lane has come to be the theatre which above all others is known for its "sensational" dramas.

The latest production of the management of Drury Lane Theatre in this way is Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's play, entitled *Puck*, which was brought out on Saturday evening last before an audience, which, though we are now supposed to be at the deadest point of the dead season in the theatrical calendar, was sufficiently numerous to fill every foot of space between the orchestra and the back wall of the upper gallery. The new piece is little more than a new combination of old materials. Its foundations involve nothing fresher than the uncompromising villainy of a scoundrelly bank manager and the persistent efforts of a chivalrous young gentleman in protecting the victims with more or less success against the machinations of this odious personage. One would think that audiences who have a special taste for this kind of play would ere now have lost faith in matters so trite and familiar; would have become through long experience so confident that all will be put right in the end that no amount of misery that could befall the virtuous would be able in any appreciable degree to excite their apprehensions. But this is to underrate the simple faith and capacity for enjoying stage illusion which these playgoers invariably exhibit. In vain—when the villain, Stephen Clinton, in the blithe and cheery person of Mr. J. H. Barnes, plots to excite prejudice against the noble-minded Jack Springfield, represented by Mr. Harris (Mr. Harris, by the way, being in his quality of lessee and manager

supreme controller of the distribution of parts at Drury Lane, always allots to himself the pleasant task of representing the virtuous hero)—in vain to observe that his success will be inevitably short-lived. When he actually succeeds in carrying off the rich matrimonial prize, the banker's daughter, with a dowry of 50,000*l.*, in vain to hint that Nemesis is at hand. Breathless excitement will still characterise the attitude of the spectators, till the very moment when the shadow of Scotland Yard falls upon the wedding breakfast; and even far beyond this, for the villain escapes, murders his master, the banker, hides his body in an iron safe, and bribes a low satellite, Peter Keene, to upset a railway train for the sake of killing a woman and child who happen to be the true and lawful claimants to the 50,000*l.* If all this seemed at times palpably unreal; if upsetting a train to kill two particular passengers appeared absurd, inasmuch as in the most disastrous of railway accidents the percentage of killed is invariably small—assuredly little token of lack of faith was to be discerned. Certainly the mere story of the play did not appear to the critical eye to be very interesting, or worthy of the excellent company engaged. Miss Lydia Foote, who represents the persecuted lady of the railway accident, is one of the most tender and touching of heroines; Miss Caroline Hill, who represents the banker's daughter, is one of the handsomest and cleverest of leading ladies in romantic drama; Mr. Augustus Harris has a frank, manly, dashing way which fits him well for such parts as that of Jack Springfield; and Mr. Dacre, who appears as the husband of the lady represented by Miss Foote, and who has to find his little child perishing in the snow in London streets, has an energetic and convincing manner which has often served him in good stead. With all this talent—not to speak of Mr. Harry Jackson, as a humorous Jew (this time it is a well-to-do financial Jew of high respectability), or Mr. Harry Nichols, as the scamp Keene, or the child actress, Miss Gretchen Lyons, who plays the child part already referred to with delightful artlessness—it wanted only a more sincere kind of work to satisfy the judicious. In these days, however, practical success is in managerial eyes the one thing to be desired, and this seems likely to be achieved. Of the seven elaborate tableaux, including a railway collision, a great snow storm, a tremendous conflagration, and a scene outside a City bank during a financial panic, the latter was by far the freshest and most striking. The excitement of the "run" upon the bank, followed by the fury of the mob when the fatal words, "stopped payment" are spoken, is all depicted with a great air of reality—care being taken to distinguish the various personages who may be considered typical on such an occasion. The "sensational" scenes, we are bound to say, appeared to give unbounded satisfaction; though signs were not wanting that "tremendous conflagrations" have now had their day. Too many discoveries of "remarkable urns in the County of Norfolk" are said to have finally proved the ruin of that old delight of antiquarians and bookworms, *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It would be a pity if the "sensational" drama should fall into disrepute through surfeiting congenial audiences with the too-familiar details of houses in flames.

Fun on the Bristol, an American importation produced at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday evening, achieved but a small measure of success. It belongs to the extravagantly farcical order of semi-musical pieces, but the author and actors are somewhat ostentatiously determined to have no method in their madness, and some of the "fun" was of so decidedly far-fetched a kind that it was clearly beyond the sympathies of a large proportion of the spectators. Perhaps allowance should be made for difference in national tastes and associations; but the management for this very reason would have done well to consult an experienced English playwright—above all with a view to judicious excisions. There is really no plan or purpose in the piece but that of assembling a number of eccentric personages on board an American river steamboat, there to display their abilities in what is generally known as a "variety entertainment." A Mr. J. T. Sheridan, however, who made his first appearance on our stage in this "musical comedy-oddy," proved himself a clever actor, though in the rather vulgar form of a male performer in petticoats. Miss May Livingstone, who represents a black domestic servant, was also amusing. The piece is preceded by a comedieta, adapted from the French by Mr. Howard Paul, in which that entertaining performer plays the leading part.

Mr. Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir*, familiar to our playgoing public under the title of *Drink*, was revived on Bank Holiday at the ADELPHI, when Mr. Charles Warner repeated his powerful impersonation of Coupeau. Miss Amy Roselle also reappears in her original part of Gervaise. The company is also in other respects a very efficient one, and the play is carefully put upon the stage.

The stage of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre has somewhat unexpectedly been turned to account for the production, or rather revival, of romantic drama on a large scale. The piece selected is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is supported by an American company, under the management of Mr. Jay Rial, in the broad, effective fashion appropriate to pieces of this class. The foaming bloodhounds with whom the hoardings of London have lately made us familiar, are happily not so formidable as they are painted. They are, however, real animals, and their appearance does not fail to create that thrill of apprehension which is the artistic aim of their particular function.

Miss Florence Marryatt, the novelist, has, we learn, definitively determined to adopt the stage as a profession. She played a leading part in *Patience*, as a member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company at Southampton, on Monday last.

The American comedian, Mr. J. S. Clarke, will, we believe, revive *The Comedy of Errors* at the STRAND. As yet it is not known who will be the other Dromio. A counterpart to Mr. J. S. Clarke will not, we fear, be easily found.

One more new theatre, it appears, is to be built on the south side of the Strand. The site is in Fountain Court, near the Divan Tavern.

Mrs. Langtry is about to commence a fortnight's engagement at the IMPERIAL Theatre, commencing on the sixteenth of next month. A few days later she will sail for the United States, there to fulfil an extensive round of professional engagements.



THE LONG VACATION commenced on Wednesday, but the Lord Chief Justice sat specially on that day to hear the case of "Bradwell v. Lord Kilmorey." The Courts will not again sit until November, when the new building in the Strand is expected to be ready.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Mr. F. J. Owen, who for not appearing to his subpoena as a witness in a criminal case at Bow Street, was in October last committed to prison by Mr. Justice Field, and for whose release several ineffectual applications have since been made both to the Divisional Courts and the Court of Appeal, has at last humbly apologised for his contempt, and appealed to the mercy of the Court. He was on Tuesday liberated by Lord Coleridge and Lord Justice Brett, who considered that he had been sufficiently punished. Lord Coleridge, in making the order for his discharge, remarked that if other persons desired to try conclusions with the Court they would probably have to suffer a much longer imprisonment.

MR. BRADLAUGH's action against the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons for assault came before the Queen's Bench Division on Monday, when Justices Field and Cave dismissed the appeal from a Judge in Chambers for the statement of defence to be amended, so as to set forth more precisely the express orders empowering the defendant to remove the plaintiff from the House. Their lordships suggested that the proper course would have been for the plaintiff to demur to the statement of defence, and this will probably be done.

TREASON-FELONY.—The trial of Thomas Walsh at the Central Criminal Court occupied three days, and resulted in his conviction. No attempt was made to deny the fact that he had purchased arms and ammunition and sent them to Ireland, and the defence relied upon was that if any conspiracy really existed, he was rather an ignorant dupe than a trusted conspirator. Mr. Justice Stephen, in summing up, pointed out that there was absolutely no evidence to connect the accused with the "proclamations" and "illegal drilling" in Ireland, and that the sole question for the jury was with what intention or knowledge did he pack the arms and send them to Ireland. In passing sentence he remarked that the prisoner had been found guilty of attempting to create civil war, and although he had probably acted in a subordinate capacity, he felt it his duty to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude. One of the noticeable points of the case was the refusal of the judge to order that the prisoner should be supplied with a copy of the indictment, the refusal being based on the difference between high-treason and treason-felony. Owing to the extraordinary precautions taken against a possible attempt at rescue, the trial was practically held with closed doors.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE has suffered greatly in consequence of the calling out of the Reserves. The N Division has lost eighty of its best men, the G Division sixty-five, and the other divisions from forty to fifty each. The vacancies are being filled up by recruits.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REFORM AND CODIFICATION OF THE LAW OF NATIONS began its annual conference on Tuesday, at Liverpool, under the presidency of Lord O'Hagan, who in his opening address said that the chief subject for consideration was the best means of establishing a uniform law of affreightments.



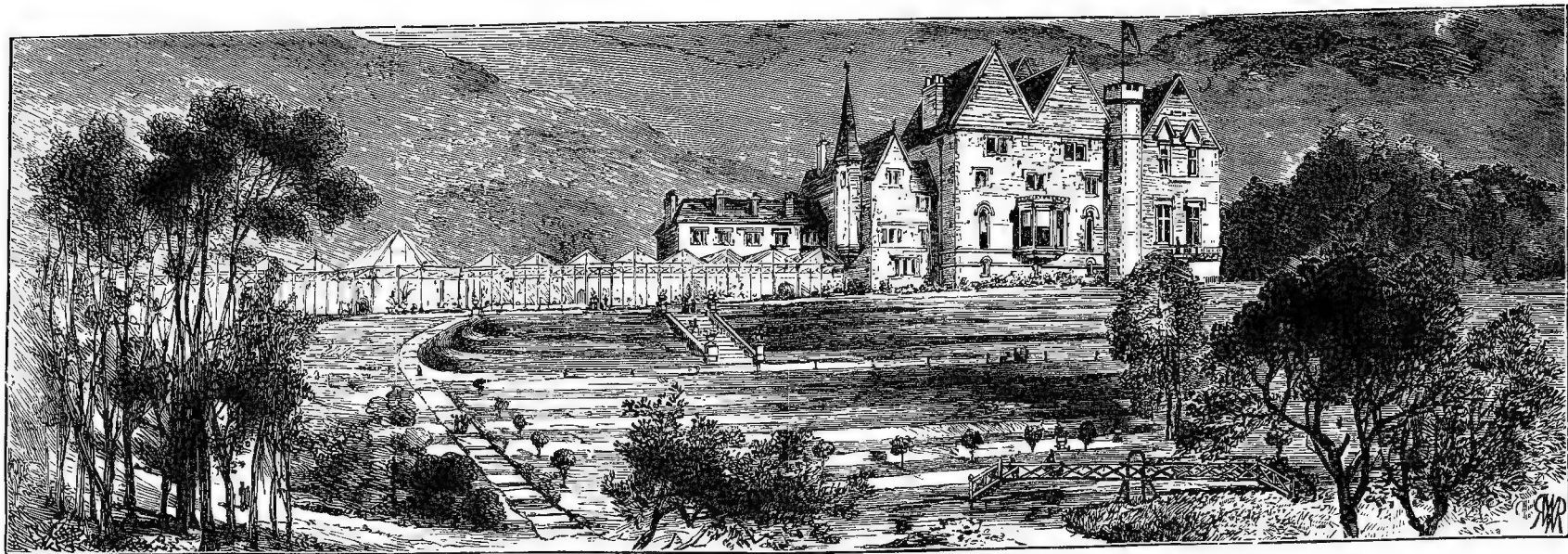
THE Political Crisis which during the continued existence of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury promises to be of annual recurrence, has passed away. It gathered like a black cloud, threatening thunder, lightning, and floods of rain, and calculated to do irreparable damage. But whilst Lord Salisbury's immovable attitude during the interval after the Arrears Bill had been sent back to the Commons made it difficult to understand how he could possibly give way, it seemed to ordinary minds equally impossible that he could stand steadfast to the last, and take upon himself the responsibility of throwing out the Arrears Bill with all it means just now. A great deal depended upon Mr. Gladstone's manner of meeting the challenge of the Lords, and it is admitted on all sides that it left little to be desired. The Premier has some infirmity of spirit which occasionally places him in undignified positions when aroused by the attack, articulate or inarticulate, of inconsiderable people like Mr. Warton or Mr. Gorst. But, as has been shown on more than one occasion, when face to face with a grave political crisis, and when dealing with the acknowledged Leaders of the party opposite, he knows how to temper both tongue and manner, and bears himself with a gracious courtesy, and an almost passionate desire to appear conciliatory at a time when he is really conceding exceedingly little.

On Tuesday the Lords' Amendments to the Arrears Bill were put down for consideration, and the House was crowded in a manner almost unexampled for the epoch of the Session. For several days previously the House had been empty and dull. The Land League members, aroused by the near approach of the end of the Session, and feeling the necessity to do something to bring themselves into prominence before retiring into the comparative obscurity of the recess, had returned to their old possession of public time. Supply, which has been pushed aside week after week through the Session, must now of necessity be proceeded with, and Supply is the opportunity of the irregular member. In blind deference to the antique axiom (very well at the time of its birth, when the Stuarts were on the Throne), that statements of grievances should precede Supply, the Land Leaguers took the opportunity to advertise themselves, and oblige obscure constituents in Ballydehob, Killironane, and other centres of universal interest. They have the House entirely at their mercy. Any attempt at interference only tends to prolong the onslaught, and offers opportunities for agreeably filling it up with denunciations of attempts to override liberty of speech. The consequences upon the habits of the House as a legislative body are grievous, but more serious still is the effect upon that supervision which the House is supposed to maintain over Supply. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mr. Healy, Mr. Biggar, and the rest, occupy the whole of the time of the sitting up to midnight or one o'clock in the morning by virulent abuse of constituted authority, whether in Ireland or at Westminster. By this time all members of the class whose intelligent discussion of Supply might be useful to the country have gone home. Then, since sooner or later money must be voted, and now there are not many days in which the work can be completed, the remnant of the House is, as it were, held by the throat and kept sitting till, by a physical process of propulsion, votes representing millions of money are driven through the forms, and so are said to be passed. For the last fortnight there has scarcely been a sitting at which the House has been up before three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes four o'clock has struck. In these dead hours, from one o'clock in the morning, when everybody, even the Land Leaguers, are physically exhausted, votes in supply involving great issues and millions of pounds are passed.

On Tuesday many members who had been in the House at four in the morning were back again at four in the afternoon. They might be recognised by their general wearied look, and by their tendency, as the evening wore on, to fall asleep. But they were gradually re-inforced by members with bronzed cheeks and light summer clothing, which betokened opportunities seized of running away from town whilst the dull work of voting supply in the manner above described had been in progress. Mr. Gladstone himself profited greatly by his "Sunday out," appeared in excellent health, and was quite gay, with a big yellow rose blooming in his button-hole. Half-a-dozen peers were in the gallery when the Premier rose, and before he sat down others entering filled this part of the House. Mr. Gladstone did not waste time in reaching the point to which all thoughts converged. There were some dozen amendments introduced in the Lords, two of which had attracted public attention, standing in the name of Lord Salisbury. It was the first of these that was the critical one, and round which, it battle were decided upon, the battle would rage.

It was known beforehand that the Government were prepared to deal gently with Lord Salisbury's second amendment, as one not touching the principle of the Bill. Everything turned upon the first, which simply proposed to vest in the hands of the landlord the option of putting the Act in operation. On this point

(Continued on page 166)

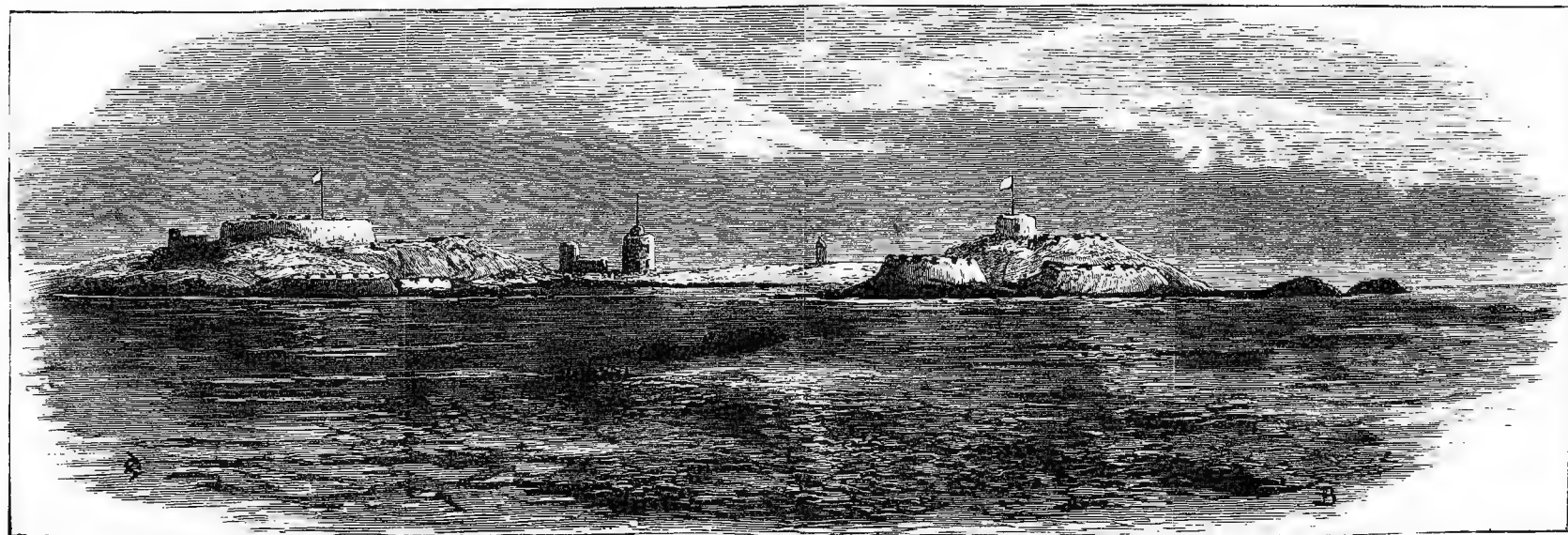


CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, BRECONSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME ADELINA PATTI

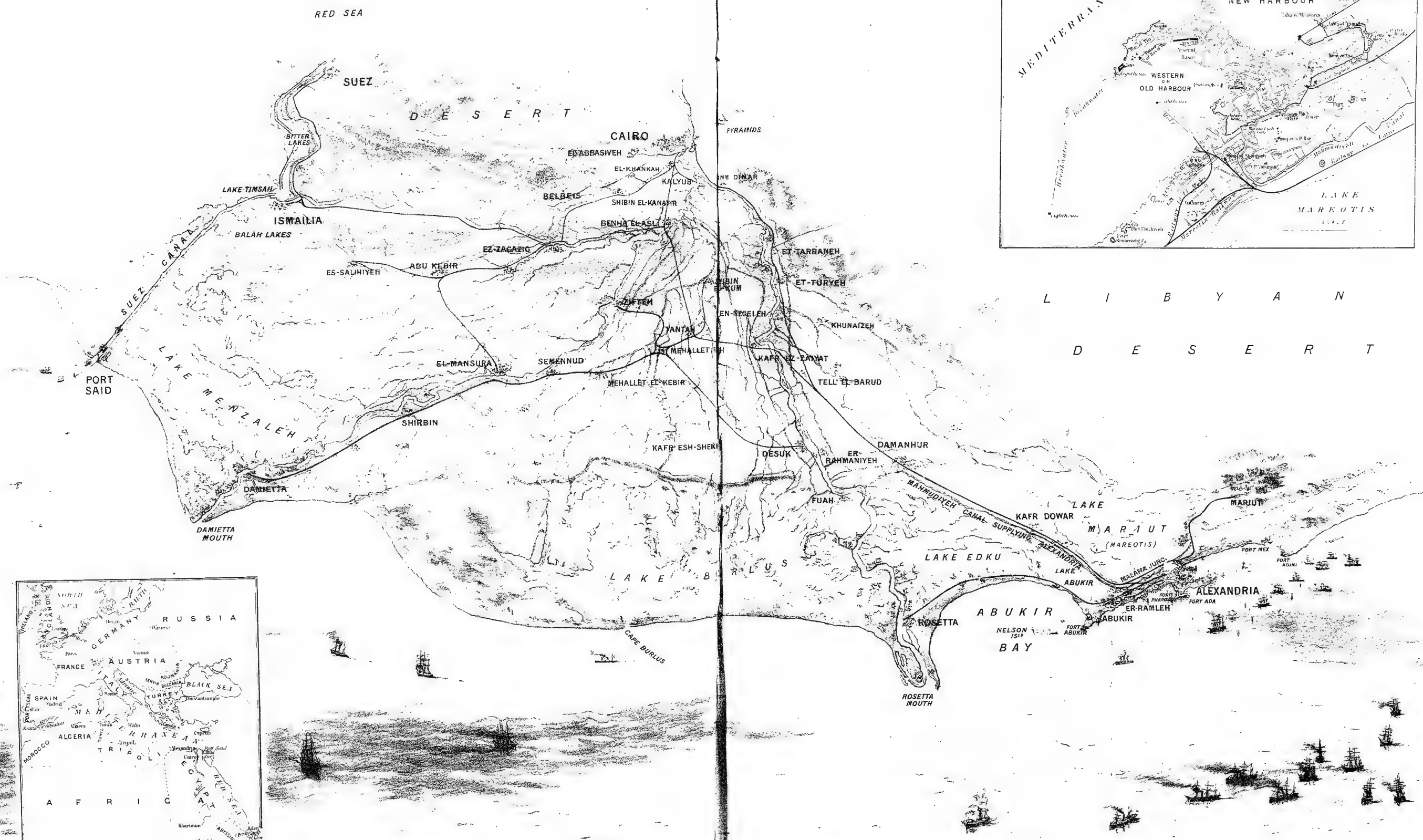


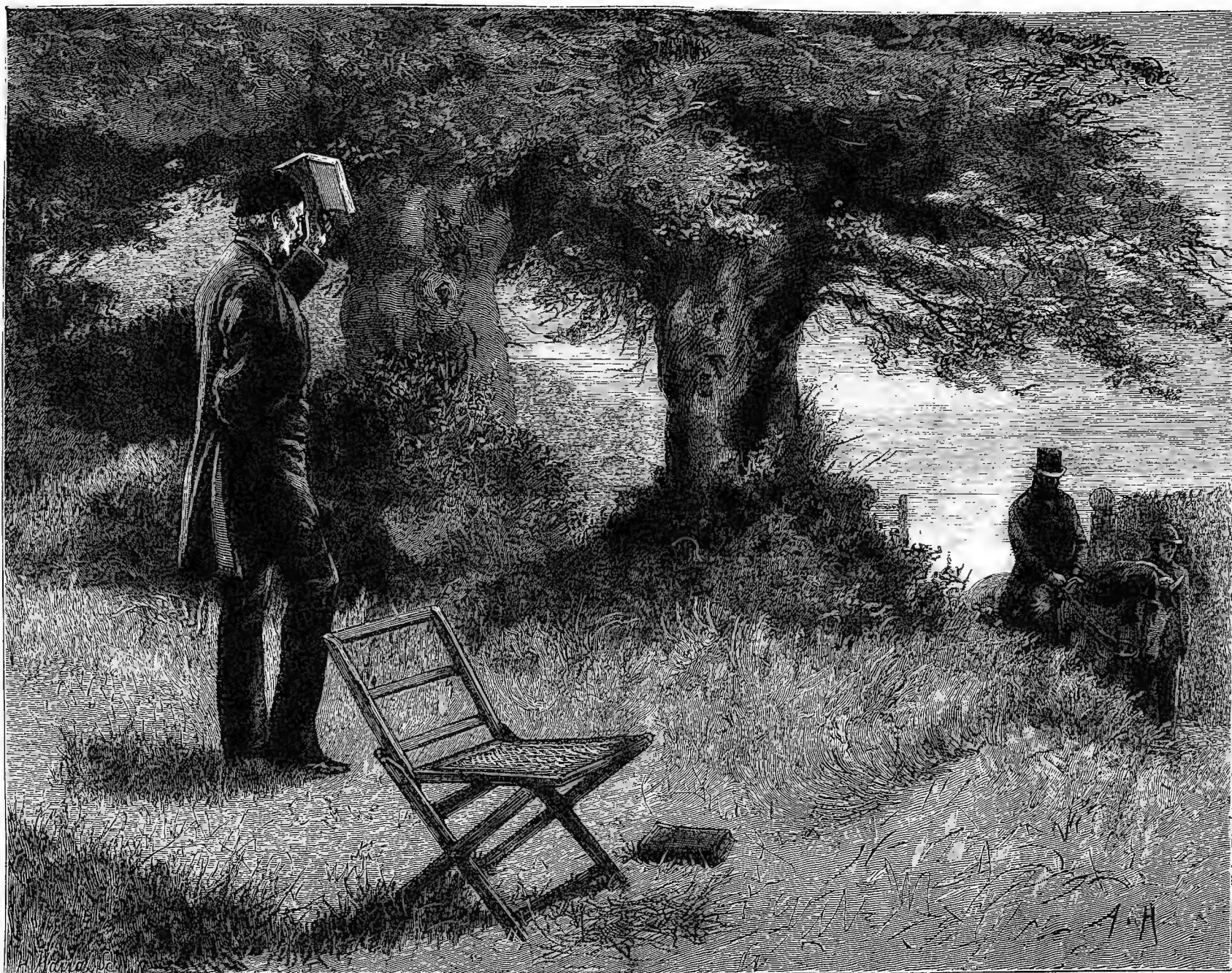
PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE RESIDENTS IN THE DISTRICT

MADAME ADELINA PATTI AT HOME



THE WAR IN EGYPT: FORTIFICATIONS AT ABOUKIR BAY
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

On the lawn stood the Rector, shading his eyes from the sun by means of an open book.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIT HAS A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR

THE telephone is, no doubt, a modern institution, but in country districts something of the kind (or else it's magic) has been in vogue for centuries. Local news (for an event like the Battle of Waterloo or other world-cataclysm often escapes notice) flies like wild fire, and (from decomposition or other cause which prevents its keeping) especially bad news. Unlike telegraphic communications, however, instead of the tidings being confined to the sender and receiver, it oozes out in the course of transit; the rushes murmur it, the fir trees whisper it; and every one knows that the parson has kissed the Squire's wife before (like the wicked woman in the Scriptures) she has wiped her lips as if nothing had happened. The messenger whom Rachael Deeds had despatched to the Grey House for her son (which was the cause of his absence) might have been another Malise, and borne the Fiery Cross, or been "Rumour full of tongues," in so far as dissemination of his tidings was concerned; and such tidings! It is here that the local telephone outvies all the inventions of science; it has a perfervid imagination, and, as was observed of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, "improves whatever it touches." It is for only a very few yards that the echo of the parson's kiss is heard; but beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the Rectory, or wherever it happened, it expands into a divorce case; and before the bounds of the parish are reached, the guilty pair have fled the country.

As Mark and Kit walked down together, through the town, they were stared at—especially Kit—as though they had risen from the dead. It was not true then, said the gossips one to another, that Abel Deeds had murdered *everybody* at the Grey House, but only the old man. However, even that was something, "though Master Christopher did seem to take it most uncommon cool."

And "if Mr. Garston was really dead, what a thing it would be for Mr. Tennant;" who was the other Mogadion attorney.

Unconscious of the disappointment they thus inflicted on the public mind, the two young men repaired to the Dovecot. Kit himself had proposed it, and Mark was delighted at the suggestion, since the presence of his friend, under such circumstances, beneath the Doctor's roof, would show that Kit for his part had no suspicion of Abel. Mark knew that he had none, but he was solicitous that Frank and the rest should be convinced that Mr. Garston and Mr. Garston's son were not at one in this matter.

Quick as Kit had been in taking this step, it seemed, to judge by the Doctor's face, who received them at his own door, that he had been none too soon in doing so.

"Before crossing my threshold, Mr. Christopher," he said,

gravely, "I must put the same question that was addressed to young Lochinvar: 'Do you come here for peace or for war?'"

"For peace, Dr. Meade, I do assure you," was the young man's earnest reply; "I am as convinced there has been some unfortunate mistake about Abel Deeds in this matter as you yourself can be."

"As to the 'unfortunate mistake,'" returned the Doctor, grimly, "I will only say at present, that when this poor fellow's innocence shall have been established, the misfortune, as well as the mistake, will be Mr. Garston's. The reputation of honest folks is not to be taken away with impunity because other folks mislay their money."

The antithesis between "honest folks" and "other folks" was only too obvious, but Christopher Garston passed it over with a smile.

"I am afraid it is true, sir, that my father has lost his temper, as well as his money, but that is no reason why we should follow his example. For the moment he is a good deal put out—for 200*l.* is a large sum to miss from one's desk—but I am not aware that he has done anything actionable."

"Actionable!" repeated the Doctor, scornfully. "I am not speaking of the law, but of common justice and good feeling."

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were hinting, when you said 'with impunity,' at an action for libel."

"Tut tut," said the Doctor, growing very red; "I don't bark till I can bite, I do assure you.—Well, Frank, how is she?"

"Oh, she's all right for the present," said Frank, who now entered the room. "You have done our poor Rachael a bad turn this morning, Garston."

He did not offer his hand to Kit, but regarded him with cold disfavour.

"Upon my word," cried Mark, "you are both treating Kit exceedingly ill. He is not responsible for his father's action in any way, and regrets it as much as you do."

"A great deal more," put in Kit quietly; "inasmuch as I am to blame in the matter. I did remind Trenna of the purse with Lucy's savings in it, because I knew my father would sooner or later come to hear of it; and I wished Abel to be exonerated at once. Unfortunately, as I understand, one of the missing notes, has been found in it. No doubt that fact can be explained; but, in the mean time, is it altogether unreasonable that my father should wish to make some inquiry as to how it came there? He has gone to the Knoll to do it, and that—so far as I am aware—is the extent of his offence up to this date."

The young man's tone and manner were the perfection of quiet remonstrance, while his logic was incontrovertible. The Doctor looked at his son with some dismay.

"Upon my word, Frank," the look seemed to say, "I am afraid I have been going a little too far."

"If you had seen our poor Rachael, Garston, as I have seen her," observed Frank stiffly and with a manner that spoke of enforced apology, "you would make allowance for any warmth my father may have exhibited."

"Pray don't speak of that," said Kit. "His indignation, to my mind, only did him honour. At the same time, you must allow that the circumstances are such as to excite some suspicion. The notes are certainly missing—"

"Missing, that they may be, Mr. Christopher Garston; but them as can hide can find."

At the door of the parlour, which was open, stood Rachael Deeds. Her face was white with rage, white even by contrast with her white hair, which, instead of its ordinary neatness, hung over it ragged and dishevelled.

"My good Rachael," said Kit with one of his pleasant smiles, "you can't suppose my father is a magpie."

His raillery was ill-timed but not ill-placed, if, indeed, his object was to stem the tide of the old woman's indignation. The lower orders in the south have little or no humour, and the introduction of it in serious matters is unintelligible to them. She stood staring at him fiercely, but with a dazed expression, which changed into one of trust and affection as she turned to her young master. "Mr. Frank," she said, "you tell him what we think; this gentleman is too clever for a poor old woman, as he has proved himself to be for many a young one."

If Christopher Garston had been in doubt of his being on hostile soil, this speech would have opened his eyes very effectually. It was one of those unfortunate utterances—such as children often use to their embarrassment and dismay—which betray whole volumes which ought to be under lock and key.

"If 'Mr. Frank' will tell you how this matter really stands," said Kit, with the red in his cheek and scorn in his tone, "instead of favouring me with his or your opinion upon me or mine, he will be doing you a service."

Thus appealed to, and without taking notice of an accusation which he would perhaps have had some difficulty in explaining away, Frank stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. "It is but fair to say, Rachael," he added with an effort that evidently cost him something, "that Mr. Christopher Garston has expressed his regret that any suspicion should have fallen upon your son, whom he believes to be wholly blameless in this matter."

"Believes? You need not tell me that," exclaimed the old woman bitterly; "and his father knows it too. Folks needn't be honest

people themselves to know when other people is honest. Abel—come here, Abel."

Abel appeared, flushed and downcast, the very picture of guilt to the eyes that only use the borrowed glasses of convention and routine. His broad good-natured face was bedewed with apprehension of he knew not what, like an ox at the first sight of the poleaxe.

"Abel, speak out, and for thy mother's sake tell how you came by that note as was found in Lucy's purse; my son ain't clever like some folks," added Rachael with a glance at Christopher, "but he's pure."

And indeed if "pure" means "simple," with which word it is often conjoined, Abel was a very lily of the valley.

"Master gave it me hisself," said Abel. "It was a part of my quarter's wages, and the best on it too, I promise you."

"Then the whole affair lies in a nutshell," observed Mark cheerfully. "Mr. Garston being a man of business takes the numbers of his notes and—"

There he stopped, perceiving that his remark had been an unfortunate one. For the moment he had forgotten that the lost note had been identified, and that it might be the object of the defence to show that Mr. Garston had not made a memorandum of the number at the time he received it, but had trusted to his memory, which had failed him.

"There was ten shillings in silver besides," continued Abel by way of final contribution to the investigation, "and I gave five on it to Jennie to buy a parasol with."

"And a fool's trick too, my lad," observed his mother reprovingly, "for she spoilt it the next day by putting it up in the down-pour, drat her. But then, gentlemen, Abel can never refuse Jennie naught, who is a sensible girl at bottom for all her wanting to be in the fashion; and you mustn't think him wasteful. He's a good son and a good brother and a good man, let them as knows nothing of goodness" (and again she cast a glance of defiance at Christopher) "tell what lies they will of him."

Kit answered only by a good-natured smile, which though it failed to mollify his assailant, convinced the spectators at least of his forbearance and kindly feeling. The lily indeed was so touched by it that he observed, "I have now to say against Mr. Christopher, mother, nor against Miss Trenna neither; and I don't believe they hang by master in this business a bit more than they does in any other."

This frank expression of the result of Abel's experience of the state of domestic affairs at the Grey House was received in silence; the Doctor and his son looked embarrassed as having been in some sort the inviters of so much plain speaking; Kit smiled but bit his lip, and Mark was downright angry at the scant courtesy with which, as he conceived, his friend had been treated throughout the interview.

"It appears to me," he presently said, "that whatever wrong Mr. Garston may have done an innocent man in thought—for at present it has gone no further—others have committed the same error. It would really seem that we lived in the old barbarous days, when the members of a man's family were all held answerable for his personal misdoings."

"The accused himself has stood up for me, however," said Kit smiling.

"A lesson to us all," said Mark, with significance; "I honour him for it, and shall certainly not be less resolved in consequence to see him righted; but in my opinion he is not the only one who needs to make apology."

"My dear Mark," said Frank with earnestness, "it is impossible to affect to misunderstand your meaning, but if you suppose for a moment that we hold Christopher responsible for Mr. Garston's suspicions—"

"Why don't you call him Kit then as you used to do?" broke in Mark impatiently. "I don't blame Rachael, no one could blame a mother."

"Hush, hush," said the Doctor, rising with dignity. "There is no need for more, Mark; Kit, give me your hand. We are partisans here, I admit it; but we want no quarrel with our neighbours; like ourselves I am persuaded that all you wish is to see justice done."

"Christopher, Christopher," cried an angry voice without, "come here, I want you."

Through the open window they saw the attorney, who had reined his mare in, at the garden gate; she was covered with foam, and her heaving sides showed the mark of his spurs.

"What is the matter now, I wonder?" exclaimed Kit, as he took up his hat with the weary air of a man forced into action against his will, "stay here, Mark, till I let you know what has happened."

But Mark had already followed him bareheaded into the garden. "Not you, not you," cried the attorney as soon as he caught sight of him, "I want my son Christopher, and no one else."

Upon a hint so very plain Mark had no alternative of course but to act; so he returned into the house while Kit stood by his father's stirrup listening to the story, which, with many an impassioned expletive and gesture, the old man poured into his ear.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAGISTRATE

WHY Mr. Garston should have had his say out immediately under the Dovecot windows can only be accounted for by his being so choke full of it that to carry it any further without spilling it was an impossibility. Otherwise he might just as well have pulled up a few yards further on, and not have exposed himself so directly to the enemy's fire. For, though Rachael and her son had withdrawn, and the ægis of Mark's friendship protected Kit from the animadversions of the rest, the spectacle of the swarthy attorney breathing forth fire and fury (as was evident) into his son's ear was a temptation to them to express their views of him.

"Upon my life," observed the Doctor, "I believe the man has found out his mistake already, and is pitching into Christopher as a relief to his feelings."

"He hasn't found his money," put in Frank, drily, "or he would not be in such a passion."

"If he was as careful of himself as of his coin, he wouldn't do it," observed the doctor. "A man of his habit of body, and especially in this hot weather, should not allow himself such violent delights."

"Poor Kit," sighed Mark, compassionately; "what a thing it must be to have such a father!—I wonder what has happened up at the Knoll. Perhaps my mother and Maud together may have persuaded him to acquit his first victim, and now with redoubled energy he is casting about for another."

"He does not give me the impression," observed Frank, critically, "of having been subjected recently to female influence."

"Come, his eloquence is exhausted at last," cried Mark, who was standing with the others at the window, watching the colloquy between father and son. "Now Kit will come back and tell us all about it."

"Not he," said the Doctor, I am afraid, with some touch of malicious satisfaction, "he is walking away, by the old gentleman's side, like a captive tied to the saddle bow. It's a case of needs must."

"Where the Devil rides," added Frank, grimly; "I wonder where on earth they're going to? They have taken the turning to the Rectory."

Mark uttered a deep sigh, for he guessed their errand, which the others did not. And he guessed right.

The attorney and his son moved on in silence; the latter had made his protest in reply to the declaration of the other's intentions, and

it had been swept away by a whirlwind of wrath. The story that he had told to him will be related presently. Even though Mr. Garston had eased his mind of its load of indignation, there were still some dregs in the phial; some droppings after the thunder-storm. "I will have this sifted to the bottom," he muttered, fiercely, "though it should cost me my fortune."

Christopher Garston shrugged his shoulders. "You used to tell me, father, that there was nothing so foolish as to throw good money after bad."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the attorney, stopping his horse, and facing round upon the speaker. "Why should the money be bad—by which I suppose you mean lost irrevocably? You don't suppose the fellow could have made away with it in a week. Every one is not a spendthrift like yourself."

"I am sorry I put in a word, sir," was the young man's reply, which, if tone has any significance, implied that argument is thrown away in the case of a gentleman who has lost his temper; "what I meant was that even supposing that Abel is guilty—"

"Supposing! Who supposes it? It is certain."

"Very good; even so he has powerful friends; you know the law better than I do, but that circumstance has some weight, I believe. Moreover, Mark offered to pay the money."

"Hush it up!" exclaimed the attorney, slapping his sturdy thigh. "I will see them d—d first. But I am glad you reminded me of Mark's offer. That's a point."

"It was in reply to your remark that you would get the money out of somebody," observed Kit, with a look that seemed to say, "and that is a point on the other side."

"He's taken himself off already, but I'll have him before night," pursued the attorney vindictively. "I have given notice at the station, and they have telegraphed down the line."

"That was a little precipitate, I think."

"Do you?" replied the other, in a voice like the snap of a clasp knife.

"Considering, I mean," continued the young man coolly, "that Abel is at the present moment at the Dovecot with his mother and sister."

"So much the better, I shall know where to lay my hands upon him. He's getting up his case no doubt; backing it with a perjury or two from the women. They will have to swear pretty hard to swear away the number off a five-pound note."

They had by this time reached the Rectory gate, which lay back on its hinges in the usual hospitable fashion; on the lawn within stood the Rector himself, who attracted by the sound of hoofs was looking with curiosity towards them, shading his eyes from the sun, from which his close-fitting skull cap offered no protection, by means of an open book.

"Hullo! What's this, Mr. Garston? The idea of you and your son reviving the old system of ride and tie. The objection to it in these days, is that when the rider leaves his horse there is a possibility of some one else walking off with it, instead of the proper person."

"You may say that, sir," said the attorney with energy. "In these days you have to hold your hat on with both hands to keep it for your own, and then you get your pockets picked."

As Mr. Garston thus epitomised the morality of the day he threw himself off his steed.

"If you will be good enough to let your man give my mare a feed of corn, I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Penryn, for she has more work before her, and it will save time."

"Certainly, by all means," said the Rector, wondering in his mind why the attorney came to the Rectory for corn, when his own stalls were not a mile away, "Jem, Jem, take Mr. Garston's horse and feed him.—Will you take anything yourself?" he continued; "we have refreshments for man and beast, you are old enough to remember the old formula."

"I am come here on a matter of business," said the attorney in a tone of some severity; the lightness of the Rector's manner, under which he always fancied lay some contempt for himself, jarred upon him under the present circumstances even more than usual.

"Very good," returned the other, in total ignorance, of course, of his visitor's mission, and resenting his manner; "there is no occasion to be so very serious even if you have. Business is not thunder, nor men milk, that we should all turn sour at the sound of it."

To this conceit the attorney answered nothing; if a devout wish that he had a bill of sale upon the Rector's furniture in his pocket, and had been empowered to put in the broker's man, flashed across his mind, he dismissed it instantly; he felt that he had already made a false start, and must direct all his energies to the uncongenial task of conciliation.

"I hate to trouble men of letters, Mr. Penryn, with any mere common sense—I mean common-place—matter, which is necessarily out of their line. If there had been any other magistrate—"

"Pray make no apologies, Mr. Garston," interrupted the other, "of course I am at the disposal of justice, though I am very sorry she wants me. Nothing has gone wrong among our Mogadion people I do hope?"

"Merely a theft of two hundred pounds."

"Good Heavens! On whom and by whom?"

"On me, by my servant, Abel Deeds. He took the money out of my desk."

"Unless you saw him do it with your own eyes, Mr. Garston," observed the Rector gravely, "I shall be hard to persuade of that."

"A magistrate is not a jurymen, Mr. Penryn," replied the other curtly; "but, as it happens, it is not a case of credibility at all, but one of proof, as you shall hear."

And in a few words he told him the facts with which we are acquainted.

The Rector's face grew grave and sad.

"You have seen this missing note yourself, have you, Mr. Garston?"

"No, I have not, but Mrs. Medway has, and Miss Maud and my daughter have."

"Then one of them should be here. I cannot issue a warrant upon hearsay—upon any mere unsupported assertion. Why did you not bring your daughter with you?"

"Trenna was not in the house when I called at the Knoll," returned the attorney with suppressed passion, "they had got her out of the way on purpose. And neither Mrs. Medway nor her daughter would afford me any information. It is a conspiracy, nothing less, to defeat the ends of justice."

"I will not permit you to apply such words as those to any friend of mine," said the Rector sharply.

His face however exhibited dismay as well as indignation; it was not, he felt, impossible that, in her zeal for Abel and her mistrust of his accuser, Mrs. Medway might have allowed herself to indulge in a little obstruction.

"I am come here for a warrant against Abel Deeds, who has robbed me of a large sum of money. He has already fled from my service. If you refuse on my personal application to grant a warrant against him, and he escapes from justice, you will be held responsible. You know the law, sir."

Now, this as the attorney rightly conceived, was one of the few things which the Rector, although a magistrate, did not know. It was the first time—so honest was the community among which he lived—that he had ever been applied to upon any matter of the sort, and though he had punctually attended to his duties at Petty Sessions, they had in no way enlightened him as to the present proceeding.

"It seems to me incredible," he hesitated, "from what I know of Mrs. Medway, that she should fail in any duty, public or private. Upon what ground did she refuse to let you see the note?"

"Upon no ground whatever. I was met with a flat denial." The Rector bit his lips and looked about him indecisively; his eyes fell on Christopher, who, behind his father's portly form, nodded encouragement.

"Were you present, Mr. Christopher?"

"No, sir, but my father told me all about it."

"Well, what did he say as to Mrs. Medway's refusal to show him the note—pardon me, Mr. Garston—for the attorney was about to speak—"but I am, officially, the master here. I wish to hear what your son has to say."

"My father said that Mrs. Medway had declined to take any step in the matter—even so much as to show him the note—without advice from either yourself or Dr. Meade."

"Just so; that comes to the same thing," observed the attorney indifferently.

"Not exactly, Mr. Garston. If you had quoted Mrs. Medway's words I should have known how to act; and since your mare looks tired I shall be happy to offer you a seat in my pony chaise. If you like to accompany us to the Knoll, Christopher, there is room for you also."

The Rector was not wont to be so gracious to the young man, whom of late years indeed he had rarely addressed without the preface of "Mr.," but his frank conduct on this occasion had pleased him; and perhaps he was not unwilling to have a third party, even if it were Mr. Garston's son, to avert a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Garston.

The proposition was by no means received with rapture by Kit himself; he expressed his thanks as the attorney did, but looked at the proffered vehicle when it came round in a way that the proverb teaches us we should not look at a gift horse, and by inference a lent chaise; while so far from "jumping at it," he climbed on to the perch behind (leaving the front seat to his elders) with the inertia and deprecation of a moulting bird. It was evident in fact that Mr. Christopher was in two minds, as the phrase goes, whether he would go at all.

The journey was not much enhanced by conversation, and indeed each of the three persons had subject for thought enough fully to employ him: Mr. Penryn was thinking of poor Abel, as to whom his magisterial mind could not but acknowledge things looked black; Mr. Garston of his two hundred pounds deficit; while Kit, to judge by the extreme seriousness and even anxiety of his expression, would have been pronounced, by his enemies at least, to have been thinking of his own affairs.

(To be continued)



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—It is no easy task to "conduct a cotillon," as it is technically called; you may almost as well execute a symphony without a conductor, as to get safely through the mazes of this mysterious and complicated dance. Private theatricals are not more difficult to manage than is a cotillon; in fact, to do the thing really well, some three or four rehearsals are needed. The above-named firm has published a very useful book for the coming season, entitled "The Cotillon," with diagrams of sixty well-selected figures and plain, full directions for their performance. This book is by Charles Perrin, jun.; edited and translated by Charles Rowe. We can confidently recommend this sure guide to our readers. The post of pianist is no insecure on these occasions; for his or her guidance, full directions together with a list of suitable music are given.—Nine very good specimens of choral writing, music by J. L. Hatton, who is equally at home as a sacred or secular composer, are: "And at That Time" (an anthem for Michaelmas), for soprano solo and chorus; and "While the Bridegroom Tarried" (anthem for Advent); the words of both these musically compositions are from Holy Writ.—"Five Part-Songs" for S. C. T. B., will be more or less popular this autumn in family circles as well as in Choral Societies: they are entitled respectively "The Spirit of Song" and "When the Heart is Free from Care," words by L. Novra; "The Song of Love," words by Rosa Villiers; "Springtime," words by E. Oxfenford; and "If Thy Heart be Glad," words by Beatrice Abercombe.—A brace of three-part songs for female voices, written by W. S. Passmore, are "The Syrens" and "The Naiades;" we cannot say much for the poetry of either, which is not worthy of the musical setting.—The *American Organ Journal*, edited by J. Munro Coward, will confer a boon upon society in general, and players of that instrument in particular, by providing seven well and easily-arranged pieces by popular composers, including Beethoven's "Creation Hymn," Edouard Batiste's Andante in G, and Wagner's Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin*.—Two spirited pieces for the piano-forte, by Michael Watson, are, "Le Carnaval" (Galop de Concert), and "Coranto."

MESSRS. MOUTRIE AND SON.—Two songs of the sea with depressing endings are, "Come Back," written and composed by Churchill Sibley, and "The Old Seaweed Hut," written and composed by Joseph Ridgway.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"The New Scale Practice" is a valuable supplement to the "*Vade Mecum*;" both are by T. Sidney Smith. The plan for the arrangement of the major scales and their relative minors is very excellent when thoroughly worked out and understood; far more comprehensible than many others which at first sight appear more simple (St. Joseph's College, Clapham).—Alex. Guilman (*Organiste de la Trinité*, Paris) has arranged, as an organ solo, Spohr's fine setting of the Twenty-fourth Psalm with taste and ability; this arrangement will prove a useful addition to the *répertoire* of his fellow players on that grand instrument (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).



ONE of the most useful and interesting of recent contributions to art literature is the remarkable study of the life and works of Albert Durer by Professor Moriz Thausing, the Keeper of the Albertina at Venice. Dr. Thausing has made the subject his own; his work is essentially complete, and it supersedes all others by reason of its erudition, its insight, and its accuracy. Its author had unusual facilities for carrying out his task. In the first place the magnificent collection of the Master's works in his immediate charge in itself afforded important materials, and these he has examined with great care. Further than this, however, he has made elaborate studies in every known private or public collection, and there is scarcely a document bearing upon Durer's life and surroundings—his native town, his family, his friends, and his contemporaries—which has not been duly considered, and, whenever necessary to the interest or the value of the book, introduced. The work, in short, is a model of its kind; and, therefore, it is extremely welcome in its English dress. A smooth, readable, and above all, generally faithful, translation has been made under the editorship of Mr. Fred A. Eaton, the Secretary of the Royal Academy, and has been recently issued in two handsome volumes by Mr. Murray. There are several

English works on Durer, and in quite recent times two have seen the light which are admirable enough in their way. But they are not exhaustive; they embody only the leading results of Continental inquiry, the main features of Teutonic criticism; and they are distinctly popular and elementary. Dr. Thausing's work, however, whilst sufficiently attractive to appeal to the general reader, is first and foremost a book for the student. It gives a picture of Durer's time, as well as of Durer himself; we see the period through the man, and with a remarkably able and exhaustive biography is combined a great deal that must rank as history of the best and truest kind. Moreover, the critical portions are both keen and just; and the whole work evinces authority and scholarly grasp, and that emphatic and peculiar thoroughness which is so marked a characteristic of German writers. The difficulties of translation were by no means slight, and it is no small praise to say that whilst Mr. Eaton's version is eminently readable, it forms a very notable addition to the not remarkably extensive stock of sound Art literature in the English language. The illustrations, we may note, are numerous, comprehensive, and suggestive; but to say that they are as good as they might be would, perhaps, be going too far.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of George Cruikshank" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is not deserving of unqualified approval. We think, indeed, that to many it will prove rather disappointing than otherwise. Though Mr. Jerrold was acquainted with Cruikshank, and though apparently he had the advantage of what looks like a pretty extensive communication with several people who knew him also, his book partakes of the character of a *rechauffé* of the works of previous writers. That the quotations are ably arranged, and that the book is readable, and in its way interesting, goes without saying, for Mr. Jerrold is an experienced and talented *littérateur*. Moreover, the work has been done with evident sympathy. But these qualities, admirable though they be, cannot be said fully to compensate for unfulfilled expectation. Of criticism of the real and unbiased sort there is practically none; and the wisdom of chopping up Thackeray's essay in the *Westminster* is certainly open to question. On the other hand, many of the quotations are very effectively introduced, and several striking sayings of the eccentric artist give the book a certain interest which otherwise, perhaps, it would not possess, and which after all is in some sense of secondary import. When all is said, however, Mr. Jerrold's pages are pleasant, whilst the illustrations are generally of high excellence, one or two, indeed, being really first-rate. Some of the little blocks from the "Comic Almanack," however, are clearly not by Cruikshank at all, but by his assistants.

Mr. William Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art" (Ellis and White) is outwardly as simple and unpretentious a volume as ever appeared. Inwardly, however, it is of very considerable importance and lasting value. The book consists of certain lectures delivered before sundry institutions in London and the provinces; but it is rare indeed to find in such matter so much that deserves sincere and thoughtful study. We do not go with Mr. Morris in all that he has to say; on some points, indeed, we think, he is entirely wrong and prejudiced. But he so often says the right thing in the right way that his mistakes and his injustice sink into comparative insignificance. The great point of the book is that its author has got a real steady grip of main truths and vital principles of art, which in these days—when truth and principle are scattered to the four winds to make way for spurious "originality," and all manner of bombast and pretence—is a very notable circumstance indeed. And for this reason the volume is not only worth reading, and reading carefully, but it is also worth keeping. Its artistic teachings, however, are not its only valuable characteristics; it is a remarkable piece of literary workmanship. Mr. Morris is always honest, and his style is strong, simple, and expressive to a degree. Not a few passages are admirable specimens of eloquent and forcible prose.

We have seldom, if ever, come across a piece of bookmaking so unblushing and pretentious as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Recreations of a Literary Man" (2 vols.; Chatto and Windus). Mr. Fitzgerald's secondary title to his volumes is, "Does Writing Pay?" and his object seems to have been to prove that it does, by gossiping through some five hundred pages about various people of more or less importance, and many matters of very slight significance. Of these people, the most important in the author's estimation is, to all appearance, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; and the most significant of the matters touched upon, are the articles, the novels, and the biographies he has written, the busts he has modelled, the values he has composed, and the various comforting sums of money which these labours have brought to him. There is a smug satisfaction in the way in which he informs the world how much such and such an article realised; and, if he is to be taken at his own valuation, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is capable of doing anything and everything under the sun. Not content with republishing several not very interesting magazine articles, he even drags in (by the head and shoulders, as it were) a compilation of contradictory dramatic criticisms, cut from various newspapers, which, it appears, he contributed to the *St. James's Gazette*. All this, and a good deal more besides, may be very gratifying to Mr. Fitzgerald, his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts; but what interest it can have for anybody else is by no means clear. That the book conveys a right impression of the lucrative value of the literary profession, we entirely deny; that it is amusing may perhaps be admitted, for the author's intense satisfaction with himself and his doings is irresistibly funny; that it will improve his reputation, is doubtful in the extreme.

There is nothing very deep, but a good deal that is bright and pleasant in Mr. Walter Coote's "Wanderings South and East" (S. Low and Co.). In charging his countrymen with "wide-spread apathy" regarding the "world that lies beyond their shores" the author is possibly influenced by a pardonable failing common to people who have travelled. That such apathy exists is, on the face of it, doubtful; for nothing is more significant than the large number of books of travel which flood the market from year's end to year's end, and in this case the supply proves the demand. Mr. Coote's narrative deals with Australia and the islands of the Pacific—with Fiji, and Honolulu, and Norfolk, and "far Cathay;" with Japan—and last, but not least, perhaps, with those countries of South America which owe their origin and their downfall to Spain. Mr. Coote's style is entirely readable, and, unlike most of his brethren in this class of literature, he writes good English. His book, if it contains nothing very novel, is always interesting; he is equally at home in describing Kanaka pearl divers, war dances in New Zealand, lady doctors in Fiji, a descent into the crater of the Hawaiian volcano, or a theatrical performance at Swatow. Of the missionaries he has little good to say, being apparently of opinion that they only confer real benefit on native races when they sink their religious operations in an endeavour to teach practical civilisation. Altogether this is one of the most respectable books of travel of the season. It is well arranged, thoughtful and not without adventure; its illustrations are good; and the well-chosen quotations at the head of each chapter and division give it a gratifying literary flavour.

The second edition of "An Elementary History of Art," by N. D'Anvers (S. Low and Co.), is in many ways an improvement on the first. It has been very largely increased, both as regards matter and illustrations, and Professor Roger Smith has contributed an able introduction. As a first book for students of art in the abstract, and of the history of architecture, sculpture, and painting it is valuable, being both clear, concise, and comprehensive.

The recent Bontoux frauds in France have suggested to Mr. Edward Jenkins the subject of his last book, "A Paladin of Finance" (Trübner). His hero, Monsieur Cosmo, is a subtle Italian of the "magnificent ugly man" order, with magnetic eyes, showing now and then a flash of green, a sonorous voice, and an

Idea. The Idea is the formation of a vast *Crédit Catholique*, which was to advance everywhere the true faith by means of finance. "The art of making money is the art of subduing, binding, enslaving men. This art is the Jew's art." Cosmo proposes to wrest from the hands of the Jews the finance of Europe, and to transfer the power which successful finance gives from the Jews to the Church. He projects dazzling schemes, and enlists editors, dancers, abbés, concierges, and marquises. The Jews are too strong for Cosmo ultimately, and his schemes fall to pieces. Whether Cosmo is a cynic or enthusiast is difficult to say, but in recounting his career Mr. Jenkins has produced an ambitious but lively and readable book, one, too, which reflects only too faithfully an ominous phase of modern life.

In "Bonnes Bouches," by "One Who Has Tasted Them" (Remington and Co.), and "Wholesome Cookery," by Madame Marie de Joncourt (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), we have two excellent cookery-books. The first-named is the more original, and its numerous recipes for the preparation of all sorts of unusual and enticing dishes will be accepted thankfully by all housewives who long for a change in the ordinary methods of British cookery.—The new series of Holiday Handbooks are wonderfully got up for one penny. We have before us "Holiday in Holland" and "A Trip to the Ardennes" (125, Fleet Street); both good and practical guides with very fair woodcuts and route maps. A more important guide is "The Peak District of Derbyshire," by M. J. B. Baddeley, B.A. (Dulau and Co.). With it in his hand the visitor may speedily become acquainted with all the highways and by-ways of the Peak District.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is a certain feeling of melancholy in receiving such a work as "In the Harbour," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Routledge), as there must always be about the last work of a famous man. And this the volume practically is, although we are informed that two sonnets and a dramatic poem are yet to come; and it seems to be implied that other pieces exist, not meant for publication. It is as strange as touching to perceive something like a flickering up of the old fire in such pieces as "The Children's Crusade," which is a fragment only, "The Poet's Calendar," and, notably, in "The Bells of San Blas"—the last poem Mr. Longfellow ever wrote, but worthy of his prime. The second named is specially delightful, with an old-world music and store of quaint fancy; e.g., March sings,—

I Martius am! Once first, and now the third,
To lead the year was my appointed place;
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the double face;
Hence I make war on all the human race;
I shake the cities with my hurricanes;
I flood the rivers and their banks efface,
And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.

There are some clever translations, also, from the French, and the so-called "Personal Poems" are sympathetic, but under any circumstances hardly open to criticism. Finally, we would call attention to "L'Envoi," which may stand as the poet's swan-song, and the following stanza from a piece called "Moonlight,"

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind;
We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we find.

The little volume entitled "Life's Pathway, and Other Poems," by Thomas Leech (W. Satchell), may serve to show that song is not of necessity hindered by a busy life—a lesson which youthful poetasters who indite apologetic prefaces to their wanderings might do well to lay to heart. The author is a constable of the Metropolitan Police Force, but solaces his leisure—perhaps the monotony of his daily round—with verse, which, if not first-rate, has decided merit. We should advise Mr. Leech to pay a little more attention to grammar, so that in future he may escape such a curious phrase as "Where *doth* they grow"—an Irishman ought not to have made such a syntactical blunder. The piece entitled "Love's Longings," is pretty, and there are evidences of humour in the concluding stanzas of "Guinness's Porter." It must have been a pleasant and humanising amusement to write these rhymes, and we fancy that Constable Leech would be an agreeable man to meet with in a temporary difficulty.

There are not wanting indications that in the author of "Leolyn, and Other Verses," by Herbert Gardner (Remington), we have a writer who may hereafter make himself something of a name amongst the minor poets of the century. Mr. Gardner has evidently a correct musical ear, and there is a certain spontaneity about his verse which adds to its charm. We must confess to caring least about the most ambitious piece; it is rather too suggestive of an attempt to imitate the Poet Laureate's "Maud," the rhythm is too irregular, and the distance which separates some of the rhymes keeps the mind over much upon the stretch for pure enjoyment. How much better is such a dainty lyric as "Between the Green Corn and the Gold," or the alternate hymn, at page 59, between the children and the river! The catastrophe of Gwyneth's end is dramatic in treatment, but it strikes us that the happy lovers took but little thought of the poor girl, for all her self-devotion. One of the best things in the book is "The Lady of the Spinning Wheel"—especially the last verse, and "By the River" breathes almost the spirit of Heine; but may we suggest to Mr. Gardner that the inversion in the first line, at page 106, is as unnecessary as unmusical—the ordinary sequence would have made it far stronger. Also that grass is not "crispy," though *hay* is. We will conclude with a quotation which has left on our mind a most pleasant impression of the author's powers:—

I fain would speak, yet dare not, for
Her gentle soul's distress.
What is to me one sorrow more,
So that she have one less?
Yet I could wish, when I am dead,
Her eyes should look through mine,
And on my heart engraven read
This motto: "Dir' allein."

A gloomy and somewhat disjointed piece is "Herman Waldegrave: a Life's Drama," by the author of "Ginevra," &c. (Kegan Paul). In the palmy days of the spasmodic school it might have found acceptance, notwithstanding the eccentric character of both the blank verse and the lyrics, but it is hardly calculated to win much success nowadays. The hero is a sort of Faust without a backbone, who makes general love to ladies and maidens. Gisella grows mad—drowns herself. His mother, Esperanza, and Erminia seek the cloister, and Lucia, after his mysterious death, is seemingly let loose on the world—unless she made up a match with Vidal, in which case they were doubtless a model and even religious couple. May we suggest to the author that "swine" is a plural form, needing no augmentation.

"The King of Kent," by Keningale Cooke, LL.D. (Pickering) is a poetical drama much above the average of such productions in the present day. The story deals with a quasi-historical episode in the victorious career of Offa of Mercia, and the piece would be well adapted for scenic representation, whilst both the blank verse and the lyrics are scholarly.

Mr. John Addington Symonds is one of our best living writers of sonnets, and his collection entitled "Animi Figura" (Smith, Elder), will not diminish his reputation. The series, some of which has appeared before, is intended to represent, in a semi-suggestive form, the mental conflicts of a man of artistic tendencies, and is as a whole very good, though occasional exception may be taken to the views expressed, and the author at times affects rhymes which are so to the

eye only, e.g., "break" is coupled with "bleak" at page 28. About the most striking of the sonnets are "The Innovators," the "Debate on Self," "Natura Consolatrix," and the two at pages 62 and 63 on "Self-Condemnation."

There is but little to praise in "Paphus and Other Poems," by E. Sharpe Youngs (Kegan Paul, Trench). The opening poem is better in intent than execution; the story is rather a good one of the death of a Dryad and her mortal lover, but the metre is awkward, and the author's views on the pronunciation of classic names are decidedly peculiar throughout the volume. There must surely be a want of fitting sense of the ridiculous in one who could write such a passage as the following:—

Triumph! the brine, at the day's far line,
Has fought and won,
And, a mouthful of glory (*sic*), has swallowed the hoary
Old Sun!



"REDEEMED," by Shirley Smith (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has the merit of being considerably better written, so far as style is concerned, than the general run of novels. It is also dignified by having some sort of purpose—that is to say, by having some reason for existing, even though what the nature of the purpose is we are by no means sure. So that, on the whole, the novel may be taken as a favourable sample of the current fiction of the time. It is even planned and constructed, after a fashion—indeed, the lesser wheels of the plot are only too conspicuous in their working. One of the heroines, for instance, incidentally marries an entirely unnecessary person in order that she may appear under a new name, and he goes mad upon the wedding day, and dies soon afterwards, solely that her new name may not burden her with an otherwise inconvenient husband. Many incidents of a similarly forced nature, and an excessive use of improbable coincidences, give a generally awkward and unreal effect to the whole, while the interest is divided among far too many love affairs and unconnected episodes. Another error, injurious to interest, consists in basing the main plot upon a singular delusion altogether peculiar to novelists—namely, that there is some social or moral law which makes marriage disgraceful or improper on the part of any girl whose parents had never been married. No doubt this non-existent theory has its uses in fiction, as well as the after discovery of legitimacy which almost invariably follows, but it invariably deprives the victim of the sympathy due to common sense and consideration for the happiness of others. In the present case, the delivery to the heroine in question of the proofs of her lawful birth in a brown paper parcel, under instructions that she shall not look inside, is comically unlikely, as well as the apparent ignorance of the nobleman, her father, that he could have made everything straight by a will. Altogether, the novel is lamentably crude and clumsy, but these demerits are to be respected as obviously due to the fact that Shirley Smith has at any rate tried to write a novel instead of merely to make a book. In so far as the former is the more difficult task, it is the easier to fail therein. But failure in attempting what is worth doing is better than succeeding in what is not worth doing at all.

After a short prologue, "Heavily Handicapped," by Genie Holtzmeier (2 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), opens with the expulsion from school of a girl of sixteen, for drunkenness. This girl turns out to be the heroine of the novel, and it is gratifying that we never hear anything more of this early propensity. She is handicapped, not by dipsomania, but by her aunt and her mother, and, at a later period, by that same ungrounded belief of her illegitimacy that played an important part in the last mentioned novel. Indeed, the lawfulness or otherwise of her birth appears to make all the difference to her husband, whether he shall or shall not live with her. At any rate, the discovery that everything is right on this score makes him seek to recover her with such good effect, that the sight of him in a theatre makes her drop dead upon the stage. Perhaps it would be truer to say that Cecie was fatally handicapped, neither by aunt or mother, but by the perverse silliness of herself and of all about her. A novel is not needed to prove that want of the commonest sense is a considerable disadvantage. There is really no other reason for bringing the story before the world, and even this reason does not appear to be the author's. At the same time we are far from saying that "Heavily Handicapped" is below the level of the demand for a constant supply of fiction. It contains plenty of conversation, of "grand truthful eyes," and slipshod sentiment, in short paragraphs,—in short, of all the qualities likely to render a novel generally popular.

It is very far indeed from easy to write a story for young girls, with a direct view to their moral instruction, which shall at the same time have for them the zest of a fully grown-up novel. So far as "Michaelmas Daisy," by Sarah Doudney (Griffith and Farran) appears to attempt this, it certainly does not succeed beyond the usual measure. Girls who need its teaching are not likely to be attracted by its lessons, while the Daisies of real life will be the better for being left to their own unconscious simplicity. For the rest, however, Miss Doudney has added to what seems to be an excellent series a novelette eminently graceful in thought and style as well as pure and wholesome in tone. Several of the characters, such as the vain and ill-tempered Maud, are not without a certain dramatic force little to be looked for in simple stories of this kind. One of its conspicuous merits, having regard to the youthfulness of the hands for which it is intended, is the plain and excellent English in which it is written.

Mr. William Westall, in "Tales and Traditions of Switzerland" (1 vol.: Tinsley Brothers), has collected a number of popular stories and traditional incidents, and connected or otherwise explained them by accounts of the manners and customs illustrated by them. The stories are more interesting from a historical than from a literary point of view, and are by no means very dramatically told. Perhaps, however, for that very reason they may be considered the more trustworthy. An original story at the end of the volume is neither in keeping with a volume of folk-lore, nor good enough to justify its inappropriate connection. On the whole, the volume is rather solidly interesting than amusing, and, as a collection of unfamiliar traditions, has undoubted value.

"ELLAN VANNIN VEG VEEN"

"ELLAN VANNIN VEG VEEN" is the Manxman's name for "the dear little Isle of Man." That little island is the small Norway to the great Sweden of England. It adheres to its insular Parliament as does Norway to its Storting; it retains its own peculiar laws, though it has given up its coinage; its people levy their own taxes, control their local institutions, and in other particulars differ from the greater parts of the United Kingdom, though language and ancient customs are dying out before the influx of the visitors and the growing commerce with the English. But the "dear little Isle" has still special features that mark it and its people, and give to it an interest beyond that which its extent or its commercial importance otherwise warrant. Of recent years there have been many changes in the constitution and the laws of the island. The self-elected House of Keys has gone, and the members are now chosen by the people. The power of practical veto on laws remains, and the old form of promulgation—at the meeting of the Tynwald Court on the



THEIR FIRST VOYAGE—PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES CROSSING THE DEE IN A CRADLE
AT ABERGELDIE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY SYDNEY P. HALL, IN THE POSSESSION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

hill near Peel. The revenue of the island in the last financial year was 51,048 $\frac{1}{2}$, the great bulk of which is derived from Customs' receipts. It is worthy of notice that the expense of a general election which took place last year, and of the preparation of the needful lists of voters, was 435 $\frac{1}{2}$ —a sum that is small, even though there are only twenty-four members of the House of Keys. The Government has a funded debt of about 152,644 $\frac{1}{2}$, three times its yearly revenue. Out of its receipts it pays the civil list, the maintenance of the gaol, of police-stations, contributions to harbours, maintenance of public buildings, a payment of 10,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ yearly to the English Exchequer, and a sum of about half spent on education in the island. Statistically, the island is in advance of the mother country, its accounts being more readily furnished, and its payments for useful purposes being larger in proportion to its revenue.

It is a fair little island, is that of Man. There are in the British realms few spectacles of small towns more magnificent than that meeting the gaze of the visitor when the steamer carries him into Douglas Bay, and from the green Head along to the Derby Castle there is seen, between cliff and strand, the tiers of dwellings, from the narrow and ancient ones that gather together in the older town and on the little quaysides, to the newer and nobler structures that rise as the eye glances northwards. Behind these the green-covered crags rise, and there nestle villas and hotels, churches and crescents, that seem to justify the description of one of the historians, and "like a dove's nest repose in the hollow of the rock." South Barrule rises in darkness, and the central valley of the island is bathed in mellow light, whilst thick woods fringing the hill sides to the north of Douglas enshrine many a villa, and enclose that hotel which by its name recalls the day when it was the abode of the last of the Princes of Man.

But it is not so much in its outward aspect that Man differs from many of the islands on the coast of Britain, nor is it in its size, though its 130,000 acres are large amongst those of our small isles. Its chief attractions are to be found in its associations, in its primitive population, in its legends and its history, in its fine inland scenery, in its antique constitution, and its curious laws. Far back into the time of fable and of fairy the history of the Isle lands us when the Paynim held it enchanted and fog-enveloped, when a bundle of meadow-grass paid the rent, and when magical aid made one man do duty for and seem as a hundred. Then Christianity was planted there in days so distant that though tradition tells us that St. Patrick banished the beggars when he came, history will not assign the task of conversion to one person. Norwegians followed the Welsh rulers—King Orry invading the land, giving it the representative institution it has prized for centuries, and solidifying its constitution. Of its troublous history after, of the bravery in fight of its women, its sailor-kings and their Norse sovereigns, of the mortgage of the island to Bek, Bishop of Durham, its acquirement by the Stanleys, and the purchase by the Crown, its historian tells with minute details that need no summary.

The "Keys" still hold Man. Nearly twenty years ago, the self-elected Chamber became elective, and its ten electoral districts now return the twenty-four members who, with the appointed Council and Governor, give the laws that need proclamation at Tynwald to become law. Peculiarities of legislation necessarily characterise this insular Legislature, but the columns of the island papers show that when in session they imitate an illustrious Parliament in their wordy proclivities. The "Keys," with their allies, are omnipotent in Man. They regulate duties, adjust licences, and have this year before them the problem of licensing legislation that Westminster is so slow to solve. They confirm cab fares, they legislate against cruelty to man and beast, they build piers, they regulate the Lunatic Asylum, they receive revenue from customs, fees, boat licences, Adulteration Acts, and many other sources, and the Budget statement presented to Tynwald Court yearly is a model for fulness and detail of the receipts and expenditure of the 50,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ yielded by the 53,738 inhabitants of the isle and their visitors.

The old names linger in the land of the "three legs." Still the "Deemsters" are chief under the Governor, and high-bailiffs and poorly-paid coroners rule, though the special coinage is out of use, the ancient language is rapidly decaying, the "fairies" are forsaking their early haunts, and the poor are becoming a charge upon a fund that assumes a little the character of a Poor Rate. Smuggling has ceased; like the Highlander the Manxman has

Consented to be taxed and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,

as the American poet described it. And there are indications that others of the institutions of the island must vanish with language, tradition, and custom of the past. Yearly the island is more and more the resort of hordes from the adjacent counties of England, and these in their stay introduce customs that level down the distinctions and usages of old. Every child knows now the English language, and the old Norse custom of giving the names of predecessors to the many Cluceses, Christians, Corletts, and Kellys is dying out. At Douglas a little of the old town survives, but beyond that there is a fine esplanade which is outwardly undistinguishable from that of many an English health resort. And inland, though the movement in this direction is much less rapid, it is still observable, and at the show place of Laxey, at Port St. Mary, and in the many romantic glens, there are preparations for visitors that tell of the sophisticated taste that the ancient Manxmen knew not. There lingers quaintness as well as beauty in the isle. Through the Nunery Avenue and on to the ancient church of Kirk Braddan, Runic relics linger by the side of monuments that tell of olden piety. Beyond Kewagie are the mounds where litigious Manxmen of old decided justice literally by the survival of the strongest. Peel, with its ruined castle, shows in the attendants on its fisher-fleet many of the old attributes of the people, otherwise relegated to the highlands of the island. In the midst of its beautiful scenery, characteristic as that between Onchan and Laxey, white cottages dotting the glen sides, the "big wheel" telling of the industry of the isle, and Snaefell shutting in the wooded sides of the valley, in the possession of a sober race loving to dwell like the Shunamite among its own people, but finding its account in the coming of the visitors, who come in increasing numbers to the little nationality where the old laws and the old language linger in charmed landscapes and in dwelling-places that inherit the famed robust predecessors—this is the remnant of Man, once the home of the sea kings, then that of the smugglers, and now increasingly the dwelling of the pleasure-seeker.

J. W. S.

ON LISTENING AS A FINE ART

To understand his audience thoroughly is the principal of a performer's secondary necessities, for an audience, feeling itself understood, will, with redoubled enthusiasm, appreciate his efforts to please them; there is a correspondence between the two (*entretien* alone expresses the relation accurately) possible under no other circumstances.

So much for the performer's part. That of the audience is far more complex, consisting, as it should, of comprehension, appreciation, and criticism combined,—a trio of compounds rarely found mingled in the proper quantities, for, failing a complete harmony of thought and feeling, perfect listening is impossible. The term, perfect listening, being understood to imply its perfection as a piece of Art, in whole and in detail.

The components of an ordinary audience have so often been discussed, that any attempt at dissection were a needlessly repeated experiment, demonstrating nothing but accepted truths; but it is

hoped that an exposition of the right road to appreciative listening may not be misunderstood.

A good listener should be attentive, intelligent, observant, educated, practised, and capable of complete abstraction from surroundings; to attain this pitch of perfection, a comparatively slight apprenticeship is required. A man who strives to be a good listener must first and foremost remember that listening as an art has its graduates and masters, and that a student should not overtax himself with too much application, for it is natural that, in this as in other arts, a modicum understood is preferable to a surfeit undigested. Perfect listening has other and further likenesses to the rest of the family of arts; it has its light and shade, its piano and forte, its fore, middle, and background; and a good piece of listening is as worthy of admiration as a gem of music or painting.

Men are usually better listeners than women, as will be explained further on, and for that, are also more reticent with opinion; with them there is little jumping at semi-conclusions, but the inherent germ of gush in woman finds no outlet during protracted attention, although the fount of sympathy is to a certain extent dammed by the surrounding distractions.

It is often taken for granted that any man with his ears about him is an attentive listener, but it need hardly be said that to an artist this is an absolute fallacy; for such a man, even though his faculties, such as they are, may be distended to their utmost extent, yet, being without the finer attributes of the artistic listener, is and remains a perfectly uninterested specimen of humanity.

Pessimists affirm that few things are worth listening to, and that these few have been heard before, but it is sheer malevolence to say that nothing new is worth hearing, for in that case novelties would disappear from the literary and other markets, publishers would fail, authors and composers starve, and chaos come again. Everything is worth hearing once, many things deserve many hearings; a good play, a good poem, a good speech, a good lecture, a good musical performance, and a good sermon are in themselves things of beauty, which, in proportion to their degree of goodness, should endure as joys for ever. It would be impossible to compute what has been lost to Art, and to the world through Art, in the shape of masterpieces, damned by inattentive, unappreciative, and inartistic listening.

Critics, as is right and proper according to their profession, are among the best listeners that a novelty can have; but listeners who are only amateurs are in so far dangerous, in that their attention and careful observance is to a great extent swamped by sheer over-criticism. A performance may be thoroughly well listened to, in a thoroughly appreciative spirit, with but a small quantity of criticism, no more, in fact, than forces itself on the intelligence almost unconsciously. It must naturally be admitted that where the slightest particle of connection, friendship, or even acquaintance exists, perfectly fair judgment is practically out of the question, for no one can smother predilections, or sink private feeling for the edification of the public; but all this is more a matter for an article on criticism as a science (not an art) than on listening, which in itself finds no impediment in any of the above-mentioned qualities of relationship.

The preparation, the training, so to speak, for a good listener, consists in bringing the mind and body into an equable and temperate state; free from outward signs of inward troubles; a state most satisfactorily produced by a good but moderate dinner, undiluted by much brain-exertion, unwonted liquors, or hurried peregrinations.

A quiet meal, a gentle walk to a good theatre or concert hall—walking is preferable to driving as being more calming—a smoke, if necessary, a good seat, and, above all, good acting or playing, and a good play or opera, what is more satisfying, more enjoyable, more refreshing, and more luxurious on God's earth? Such an entertainment once a week during the period of a man's natural life should make him, to himself, a king among men; a member of humanity who could give but one answer to the question of an angel direct from heaven as to whether life was worth the living.

A clever man may become a good listener, a clever woman rarely; it is often surprising that with all her careful attention bestowed on the performance, with her mind evidently hard at work, with her interest vividly aroused, and with all her faculties actively engaged, a woman, and often even a clever woman, can in the brief space of the fraction of a moment, abstract herself from her listening to button a glove, complain of a draught, or notice the make of Royal's dress. There are charming examples of great women listeners, a fact which is entirely consistent with the existence of great women in the sister arts; they are select, and for that the greater masters, or rather mistresses. The only essay on listening at present extant, and that is very incomplete and incomprehensive, is written by a woman; who, however, treats the subject from an anomalous and subjective point of view, strangely at variance with notions of true art, and it is further very strongly impregnated with that fallacious bugbear of twenty years ago,—modern progress. The studentship of the art, already spoken of, need not be of very long duration, a careful and assiduous practice, observing the necessary conditions of mind and body, will speedily launch the student into the delights of a master of the art; and this same practice can only consist of short trials to commence, with consequent relaxation, continuing with gradually lengthening studies, till a whole performance may be listened to and thoroughly digested with an observance and appreciation which, combined with the understanding existing in the relationship between performer and audience, already referred to, must give the listener an inexpressibly high enjoyment of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

A gross mind, a morbid appetite, or a too lively imagination, will prevent the full development of good listening, by hampering to a greater or less degree the free play of those faculties which primarily dispose a man to be a good listener. A gentle temper, an equable temperament, and a good digestion, are all necessary requirements for a candidate for the diploma that ought to be granted on qualifying as a listener; without the above qualities, consequences may ensue which would inevitably ruin that incentive feeling which should occupy the mind at the commencement of any performance.

Further be it noted, that a good listener is not, and should not be, lenient to others; it is his prerogative to demand silence, and, at any rate, outward attention, during the progress of the performance, and should his artistic listening and rapt attention be disturbed by external influences, he has every right to expect and demand the fulfilment of the commonest canons of decency due from one civilised personage to another. Any disturbance during a performance, either by late entering, early leaving, coughs, or coughs, unnecessary exhibitions of feeling in any way, and general unsettledness, are one and all seriously reprehensible and most emphatically unwarrantable; besides being discomposing, inconvenient, and generally annoying to those few who possess the grace which is the mainspring of peace and goodwill.

These same distractions are the most serious impediments to a good listener's enjoyment of a good performance, interfering as they do with his comfort and equanimity; there are few if any other outward influences, meteorological or structural (except acoustic) which to any great extent obstruct the path of true pleasure.

After all the foregoing it may seem a repetition to add that good listening, like good singing, comes by natural talent (something short of genius will do), aided by training and practice; it is distinctly an art, which, though somewhat ignored, will in its time take its proper place among its sisters. Who knows but what in some

very future generation there may not be the title of M.L., Master of Listening, in addition to the other degrees conferred by our Universities? At present the only difficulty would seem to be the method of qualifying for and passing an examination, a question, however, which we hope may be satisfactorily solved by the aid of extremely advanced civilisation in remote ages to come.

FRANK SCHLOESSER

A SAILOR'S GOLDEN WEDDING

HUSBAND

I.

COME sit ye down beside me, Ann, my Annie kind and leal;
This is our golden wedding day, and we are spared and weel,
And we are spared and weel, lassie, tho' age maun hae its way,
And live to bliss the sun that shines upon us baith this day.

II.

Tho' fifty years have come and gane sin' ye were made my bride,
Ye're still to me the same, Annie, as in that morning tide,
The same, but wi' a safter grace upon your snaw-wreathed broo,
For ye are nearer Heaven, Annie, and I am nearer you.

III.

Ah! weel I mind that joyfu' day we twa stood up thegither,
And, hand in hand, wi' lowin hearts, made vows to ane anither,
And nobly ye hae kept the vows your lips sae faintly told,
And turned the blossom into fruit, the silver into gold.
Thro' a' the years that we have seen, your love has glowed the same,
My starlight on the lonely sea, my sunlight when at hame.

WIFE

I.

I'll sit me down beside you, John, I'll lay my loof in thine,
And bless the day we twa did meet, the hour that made you mine;
For ye've been good and true, John, and wi' a heart o' strength,
Ye fought the battle for us a', and gained the day at length.

II.

In perils and in hardships sair, far on the stormy seas,
Ye toiled to win the bairnies' bread and mak the ingle bleeze.
When gusty winds blew loud and strong frae darkness until light,
My heart has trembled for your sake thro' a' the waukrife nicht.

III.

'Twas yours to dare wi' manly pith whaur fainter hearts would fail,
'Twas mine to pray to Him that hears to keep you safe and hale;
'Twas yours to plough the distant main, and hame the harvest bring,
'Twas mine to dole the precious store, and save a seed for spring.

IV.

And Providence was kind and good, and as the years wore by,
Our bonnie bairnies round us grew, and filled our hearts wi' joy.
We had our sorrows—they were sent by the Divine Adviser,
To lead us aftener to our knees, and mak our hearts the wiser.

V.

Sae let us thank Him we are spared to sit by one anither,
To tell the tale o' fifty years o' wedded life thegither;
To see our bairns and bairnies' bairns around us, full a score,
A' bricht and brave to run the race that we have run before.

VI.

May He that rules the spheres aboon, and keeps them burnin' bricht,
That tents the gowan in the field, and faulds its e'e at nicht—
May He their varied lives direct, and mak them a' His ain,
So we may meet some happier day and never part again.

W. M. PHILIP

AN ATTEMPT TO COMMIT THE WHOLE OF THE BIBLE TO MEMORY has been made by an American student, who after six years' labour has gone mad. He used to spend fifteen hours daily at his task, and had nearly succeeded when his mind gave way.

SERICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES is becoming one of the most important industries of the country, although it has only been developed within the last ten or fifteen years. Indeed the silk manufacture is now the third great industry of the textile class, while the quality of the American-grown silk is remarkably good.

MOVING A HOUSE INTACT BY RAILROAD has been successfully tried in the United States, where a lath-and-plaster dwelling of 18 ft. by 24 ft. was taken a distance of fifty-three miles on two cars, and placed on its foundations within thirty-six hours. Not a crack appeared in the walls, nor was a single window-pane broken.

AN AUDIENCE OF THE POPE is more difficult to obtain under the reign of Leo XIII. than in the days of his predecessor, owing to the present Pontiff's delicate health and his dislike to the arrangements introduced by Pius IX. Accordingly, the old style of the Vatican ceremonials has been altered, and instead of the Pope, as hitherto, making the round of a room-full of people, His Holiness admits his visitors to his chapel, where he says Mass, and afterwards gives his hearers his benediction. Occasionally, if feeling fairly well, he allows a select few to kiss his feet. Pope Leo works hard and eats so sparingly that his doctors implore him to adopt a more liberal diet.

THE HIGH PRICES PAID FOR PORTRAIT-PAINTING in the present day compare curiously with the value set on portraiture some two centuries back. An old town document of Lyons records the painting of the Archbishop's portrait by Mignard in 1658, when the famous French artist was at the height of his career, and for two copies of the likeness the painter received the modest sum of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ apiece. Even now, however, the French authorities are not very generous in rewarding artistic talent, having offered M. Carolus Duran 320 $\frac{1}{2}$ for his fine "Entombment of Christ," one of the great attractions of this year's Salon. M. Duran refuses to part with the picture for less than 2,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, declaring that the picture has cost him some years' labour, and that he considers it his finest work.

THE FRAGMENTS OF BUDDHA'S BEGGING-BOWL are believed to have been found at Sopara, near Bassein, in the Bombay Presidency, together with a number of other valuable relics. Old MSS. describe the burial of these fragments very minutely, and the editor of the *Bombay Gazetteer*, Mr. Campbell, hearing of the discovery of a Buddhist tope, or relic mound, which answered to the description of the site, began to excavate there, and ultimately came upon a small chamber containing a large stone coffer. This contained first a copper casket, which in its turn held one of silver, then came one of stone, next one of crystal, and finally a small-domed golden casket, which enshrined thirteen shreds of earthenware, apparently the long-lost relics. The interstices between the caskets were filled with sweet powders and gold-leaf flowers, jewels of small value and Buddhist symbols being also found. According to a coin discovered the relics are about 1,700 years old. Beneath the stone coffer was a live frog, which Mr. Campbell believes must have been there since the closing of the mound—though his opinion on this point has caused considerable scepticism among Indian naturalists. Poor froggy, however, who differed from the species of the present day only in an extraordinary length of back, died while under examination from the effects of a drop of chloroform.

MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Very Reverend Provost Gildes, assisted by the Rev. W. A. S. Merewether, M.A., Curate of St. George's, Colonel SIR OWEN WILLIAM LANYON, K.C.M.G., second surviving son of Sir Charles LANYON, of the Abbey, County Antrim, to FLORENCE, youngest daughter of J. M. LEVY, Esq., of 51, Grosvenor Street, W.

LOWER EGYPT (MAP OF). By the late Lieut.-Col. W. M. LEAKE, R.A. To illustrate probable Military Movements in connection with the Suez Canal, Alexandria, Cairo, &c. Scale, 10 miles to an inch. Size, 24 inches by 19. Price, coloured sheet, 2s. 6d.; mounted in case, 5s. London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

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ALEXANDRIA and its FORTIFICATIONS.—SKETCH MAP OF ALEXANDRIA, showing the Fortifications from Fort Agia to Pharos, and the Harbour of Güns. Scale, one mile to an inch. With an inset Map of Lower Egypt, on the scale of 33 miles to an inch. Size, 15 inches by 10. Price, coloured sheet, 1s.

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WE DO NOT KNOW ANY REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath, writes, "Having been troubled for ten years by Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives relief to the proprietors of NEURALINE, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C. Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain complete relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. K. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL RE-WARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilhrue, Cardigan, Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE is a remedy for all Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mr. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmham, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. J. J. V., of the Vicarage, Carlisle, writes, "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Leabury, Messrs. LEATH and ROSS, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant fact, from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K. of Eversley Rectory, Winchfield: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and REST-LESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pain, assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, 4, Vere Street, W., London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it. I suffer from nerve pains; said at once a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated."

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERA-TION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requires another bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION of NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. A permanent and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its unrivalled efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormary, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

NEURALINE should always be used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormary, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe, are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain relief given, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C. B., Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E. "Having suffered from a child, a period over twenty-five years, from Neuralgia, on the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it, I tried your NEURALINE. It was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

THE Speediest and most Reliable Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, 4, Vere Street, W., London. NEURALINE is sold in 1s. bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

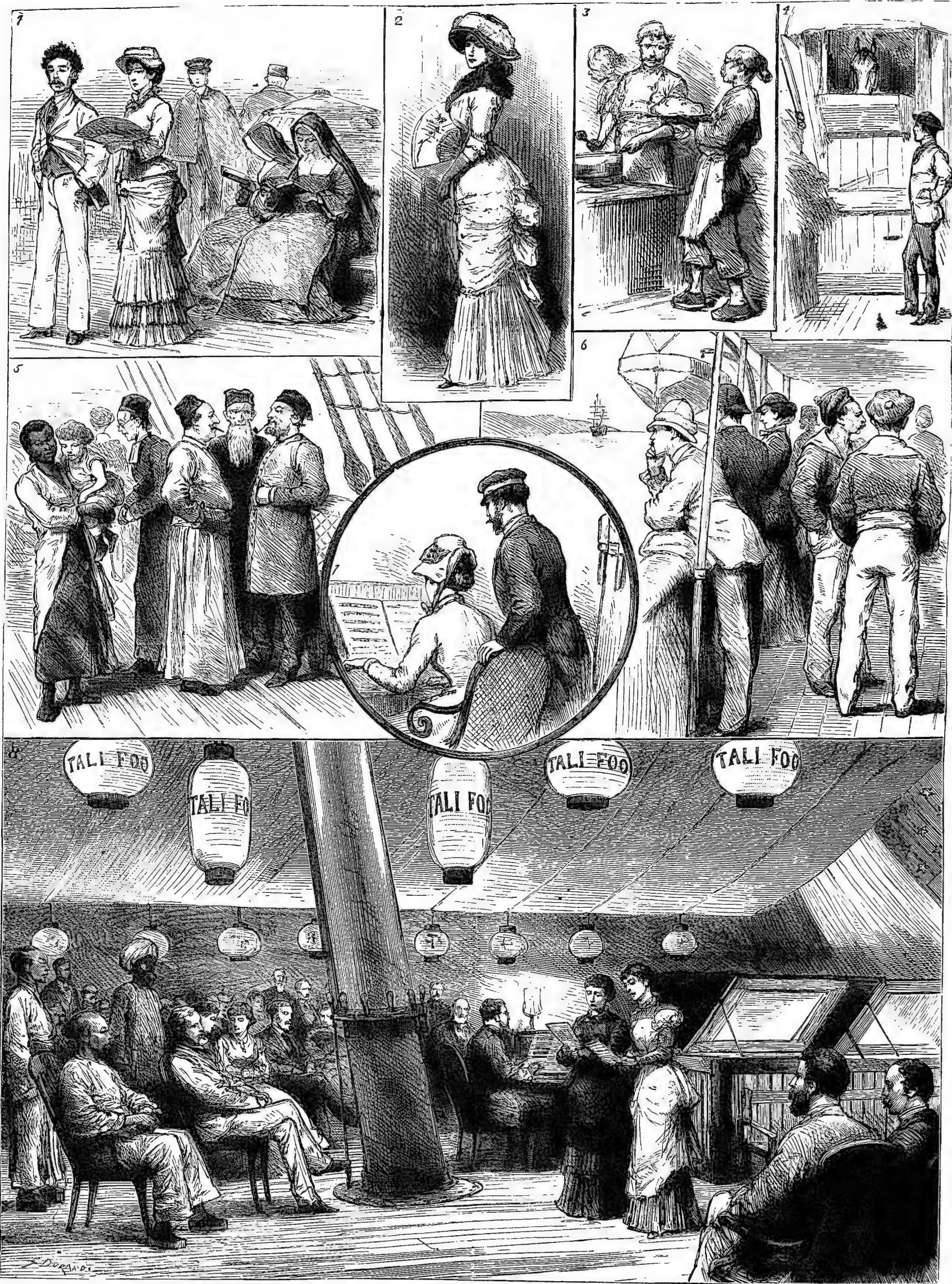
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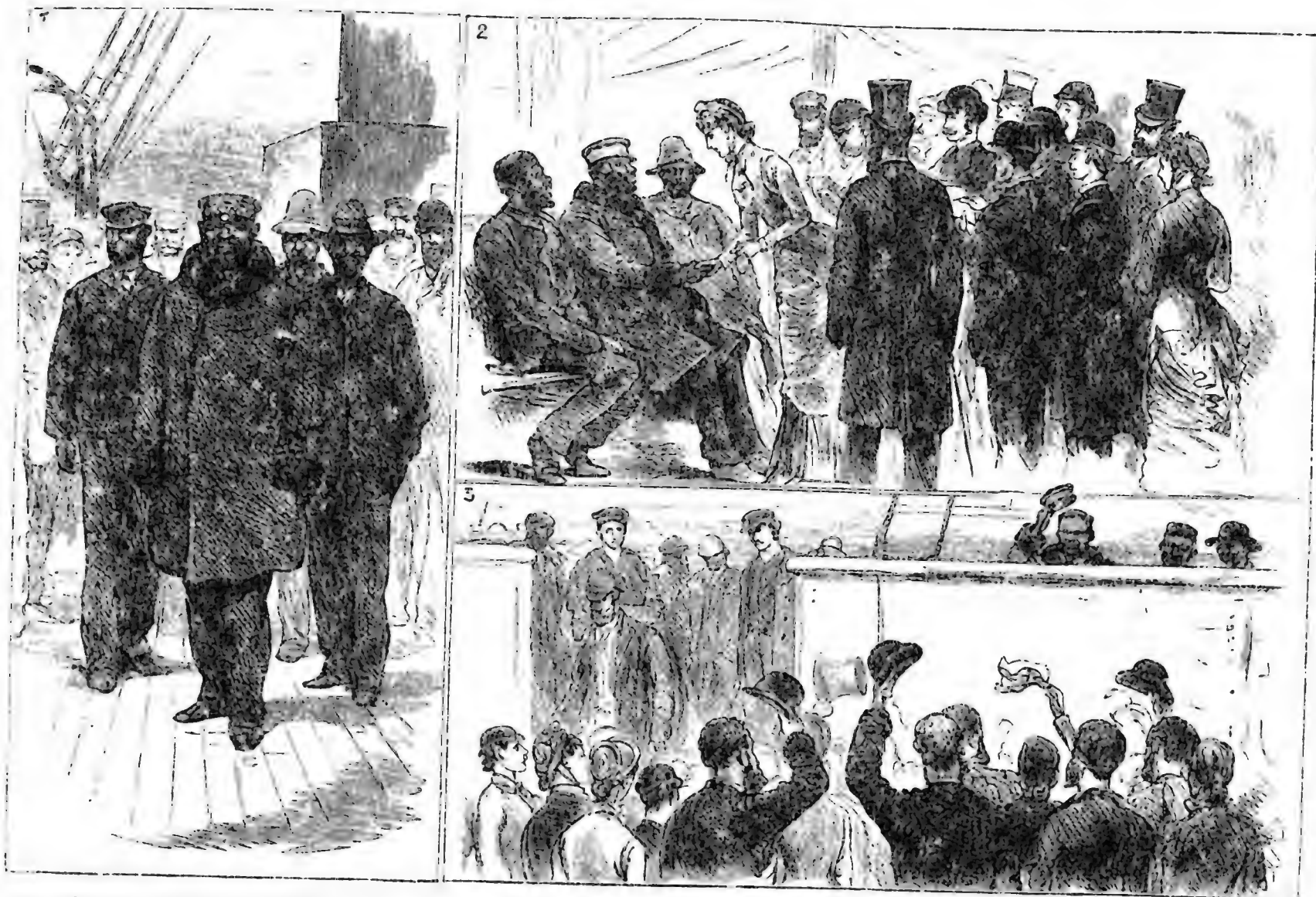
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LIFE ON BOARD A MESSAGERIES MARITIMES STEAMER



1. "The Suite on the Way to the Quarter Deck."—2. "An Englishwoman's Tribute to a Brave Man."—3. "Good-bye;" The Mail Tender, *Herald*.
 THE ARRIVAL OF CETEWAYO AT PLYMOUTH: SKETCHES ON BOARD THE UNION STEAMSHIP "HERALD"

Mr. Gladstone was concise and firm. This would, he said, be "a fatal change in the Bill," and could not be entertained for a moment. But with regard to the working of the clause Mr. Gladstone was convinced that it would be better and fairer if it required that a ten days' notice on either side should be given before the Act was put in operation, and this was agreed to. The second amendment proposed to apply in settlement of arrears the proceeds of the first sale of a tenant's holding after he had taken the benefit of the Act. The Premier was here able to begin his course of conciliation. He accepted the spirit of the amendment, whilst limiting its operation so that a landlord might not claim out of the proceeds or sale more than the year's rent, and that only if the amount did not exceed a moiety of the sale proceeds. Also this lien would exist for seven years only. Other amendments were accepted in modified form or wholly rejected, the most important being one introduced by the Duke of Abercorn, which the House of Commons met half way. The Duke proposed that the Commissioners should in all cases take into account, in considering the position of a tenant, the value of his holding. In the House of Commons this was whittled down to instructions to the Commissioners to take into account the value of the tenant's holding, "so far as they reasonably might."

The attitude of the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons indicated that the fight was over. Sir Stafford Northcote paid full tribute to the conciliatory tone of Mr. Gladstone's speech. They were bound to take a division on the first amendment, but the result was so unexpectedly crushing that they thereafter laid down their arms, which were taken up by the ready Land Leaguers, who will never disappoint the House of Commons in its expectation of a fight. On the motion to reject Lord Salisbury's first amendment 293 voted in the affirmative, and 157 sustained the Lords. This majority of 136 in support of the Government was received with prolonged cheering from the Liberal benches. After this further struggle was hopeless, and by ten o'clock the work was done, and on Thursday the Lords came to review the wreck of their amendments. The Arrears Bill disposed of, there remains only the ordinary business of the Session to be wound up, and the date of the adjournment to be fixed. Up to Wednesday it seemed certain that the happy event would take place next Thursday. But Wednesday afternoon being appropriated by the Land Leaguers to an attack on the Chairman of Committees, the Session will be prolonged for another day.



II.

THAT the possession of the Suez Canal concerns this country less than has been supposed is the moral of Mr. Rathbone's "Great Britain and the Canal," in the *Fortnightly*. Years ago it was believed that M. de Lesseps would enrich the Mediterranean ports at the expense of England. To-day people talk as if the closing of the Isthmus would sound the knell of our commercial greatness. Yet the former view, according to Mr. Rathbone, was after all the truer one; the Canal has in many ways diminished former trade profits, and the "immense increase in our mercantile marine" has really sprung from "other causes." Were war to break out with a Mediterranean Power, it would soon be found that troops for India had better take the safer route *via* the Cape.—Mr. Farrar's "Equalisation of Railway Rates" is altogether on the side of the Companies. No doubt it is vexatious to the British grazier, for instance, to know that American beef goes from Liverpool to London for less than he pays over a shorter distance. But the Companies, if they charged more, would...

describes how the sportsman must be thankful for small mercies in the way of game, and not be too surprised if his setter, for want of better work, shall even stop to mark down a butterfly.

In the *Theatre* a notice of "B. Webster" by Palgrave Simpson, and an account, by Dutton Cook, of "The Prize Comedy" competition in 1843, when Mr. Webster, as manager of the Haymarket, offered for "a new and original English comedy" the—for those days—very respectable prize of 500*l.* are both good papers. The prize, we may add, was won by that once-famous novelist of "society" Mrs. Gore, and the prize comedy kept the stage for just five weeks.

Among the Art magazines the *doyen* of the order, the veteran *Art Journal*, maintains its place with a fine etching by M. Flameng, "Herodias," after the picture by B. Constant, a good description by Mr. Atkinson of that last triumph (or failure) of national German Art, the decorations of the "Kaiserhaus at Götting," and another by W. C. Ward of Mr. Ruskin's latest hobby, "The St. George's Museum, Sheffield."—In *Cassell's Magazine of Art*, Part II. of Professor Bonney's "Canterbury Cathedral" has some very effective illustrations. "Current Art" again offers good selections, accompanied by judicious criticism, from this year's show at the Grosvenor and the Academy; and Mr. H. V. Barnett gives an interesting short notice of "Miss Marianne North's Paintings at Kew"—a collection of some 600 pictures of the *flora* of the world from California to Australia, presented to the nation by the gifted artist.—In the *Portfolio* "Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire" are embellished by a very pleasing etching of "Jervaulx," and Mr. Hamerton well describes the Romanesque architecture of the Cathedral of "Autun."—*Art and Letters* has some interesting illustrations of "The Hamilton Sale" and some more good notes about "Claude Vernet."



THE ENGLISH HARVEST is now well begun. A few stacks of wheat and oats may already be seen in most of the Southern counties, while many fields in the past few days have fallen before the new sheaf-binders, or have been cut by the more venerable sickle. The wheat is decidedly strong and steady on the straw, and there appears to be an abundance of ears. If the upper and lower *locusts* of these had fertilised properly and filled out into good grain, we might fairly look for an over-average crop, but unfortunately we had a bad flowering time, comparatively cold nights for some time afterwards, and the fertilisation and development of the wheat grains this year have only been partial, often being confined to the centre of the ear. How far this will diminish the yield cannot as yet be said. Some think it will depress it decidedly below an average, but the general opinion appears to be that nearly, if not quite, an average will be attained. In Lincolnshire and East Anglia, as well as in the Home Counties, a great number of thoroughly satisfactory wheat fields may be met with, and the East and North-East are the great wheat-growing districts of England. In the Midlands, in favourable, well-drained spots, wheat is looking healthy, but on inferior soil it is very bad. Many farmers believe it will thrash out most unsatisfactorily. A few samples shown at Mark Lane have been of fair quality, but nothing special. In the North, the wheat is decidedly irregular, but the improvement since the third week of July has been very marked, and a fine August should give the backward districts of England a fair yield. Barley in most parts has improved rather much.

THE WEATHER OF JULY.—The average height of the barometer for last month was 29.80; for July of last year it was 29.55. The average temperature was 62.47; for July of last year it was 60.50. The rainfall should not exceed 2.70 inches; it reached 4.29 inches. Three thunder and two hail storms afforded variety. The wettest days were the 9th, 5th, and 11th, but rain fell on twenty-four days in all, being just double the number of days on which rainfall is usually registered. It has to be said, however, that on twelve of the twenty-four days the fall did not amount to one tenth of an inch.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS are the subject of an even more than ordinarily able article in the current *Quarterly*. The writer discourages farmers from expecting to double the yield of their farms by doubling the expense of working and manuring. While high farming does increase considerably the yield, the increase is not always proportionate to the outlay. At the root of the whole question as to land lies the great but long-forgotten and singularly neglected law of Nature, which says that on to the land to strengthen it, and not into the water to befool it, should be delivered the immense mass of fertilising matter which runs to waste from all the large towns of the kingdom. The article is one which should be read by all agriculturists, and it ought to be obtainable for less than six shillings. Of the half-a-million men who are farmers in this country scarcely a thousand are likely to read it as a contribution to a literary review, the neighbour article to a ponderous erudite treatise on the Latin Hymnology of the Medieval Church.

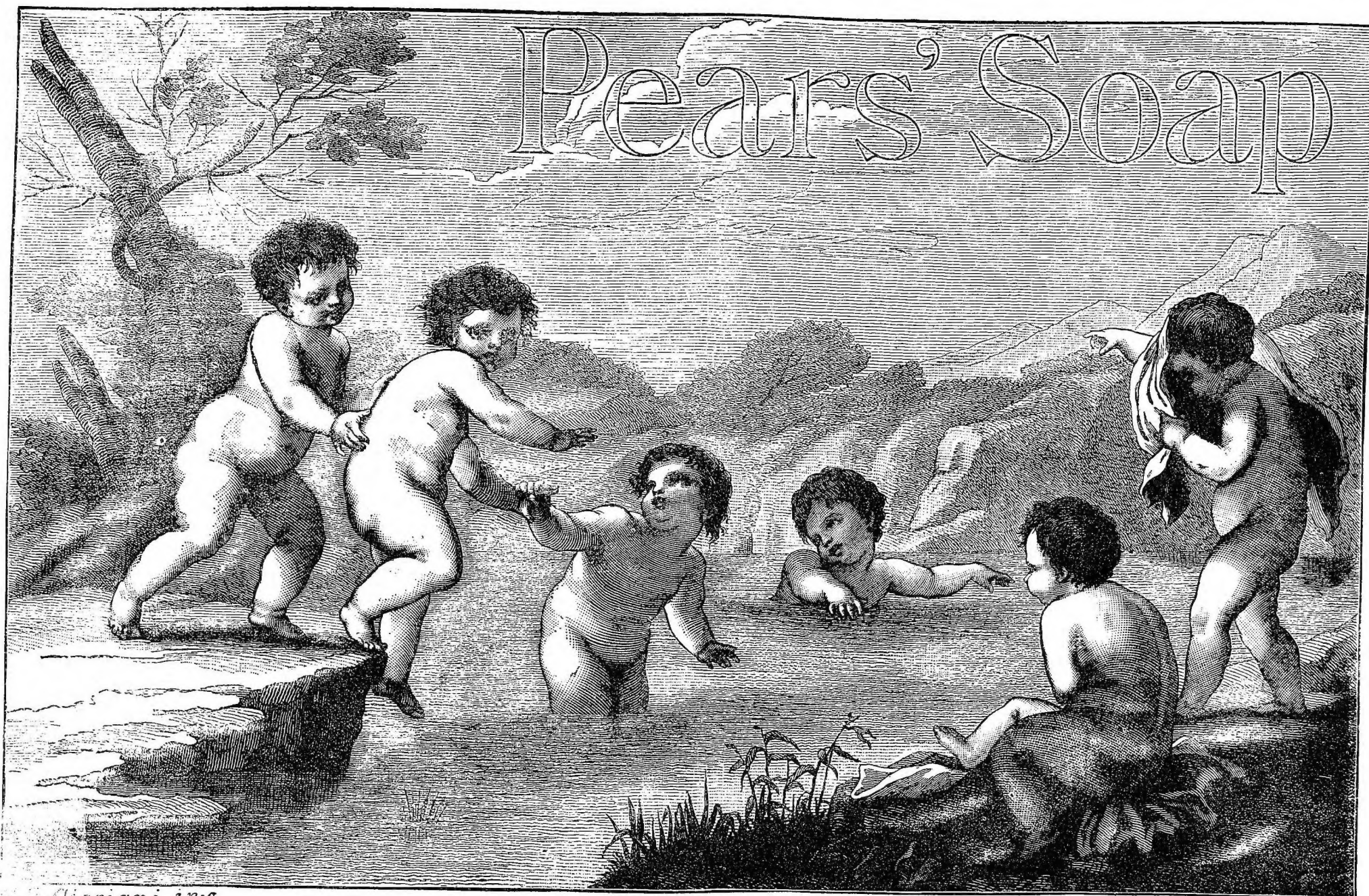
OVERDONE REPORTING.—In this age of competitive news-mongering every new sensation is seized upon by the army of special correspondents as a theme for elaborate and ornate writing, and the details of the subject are stated with a minuteness which we should imagine must, except to a very few minds of an abnormal type, be nothing less than wearisome. At one time it is a railway or river "mystery," the particulars of which are thrice repeated and commented upon in connection with the inquest, the magisterial inquiry, and the trial; at another the wreck of a vessel upon the coast, or a railway accident inland. In each case the long-suffering British public is certain to be treated to successive accounts, the earlier startling people with the suddenness and intensity of the horror, which is almost invariably exaggerated, and the later sickening them with the minuteness of detail which subsequent inquiry enables the "special" to collect. Now it is a venomous balloon voyage across the Channel, anon the expatriation of family Murders, fires, divorce cases, mysterious disappearances, an Italian and other things are taken in turn; and latterly the naval and military operations in Egypt which Mr. Gladstone persistently declines to call "war" have proved a fruitful spring from which our "specials" may draw never-failing supplies. Now that we have fully determined to fight Arabi Pasha, it is perhaps only natural that we should feel an interest in the daily progress of the strife, but we can scarcely believe that any one reads with real interest and enjoyment the endless series of telegraphic and other communications from correspondents in Egypt, which appear day after day in the columns of our contemporaries, most of them being either replies of former communications, or exhaustive and exhausting statements about the most trivial matters. Each petty skirmish and every precautionary movement of our troops is described with such ample particularity, that the narrative occupies more space than did the first printed account of the Battle of Waterloo. What would our grandfathers have thought of the series of successive "extra special editions" of morning and evening papers to which we are treated when anything occurs, or is rumoured or expected to occur, beyond the ordinary routine of events? The arrangements at home for the... of troops are now nearly completed, so that we may...

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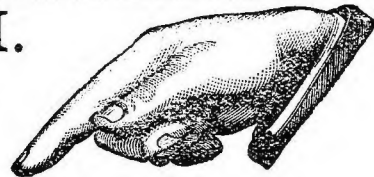
The delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients, hence, frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous, particularly the Red, Blue and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline soap very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

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TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

PEARS' SOAP I have found Matchless
for the Hands and Complexion.



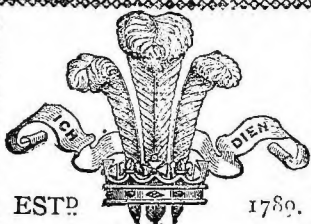
Adelina Patti

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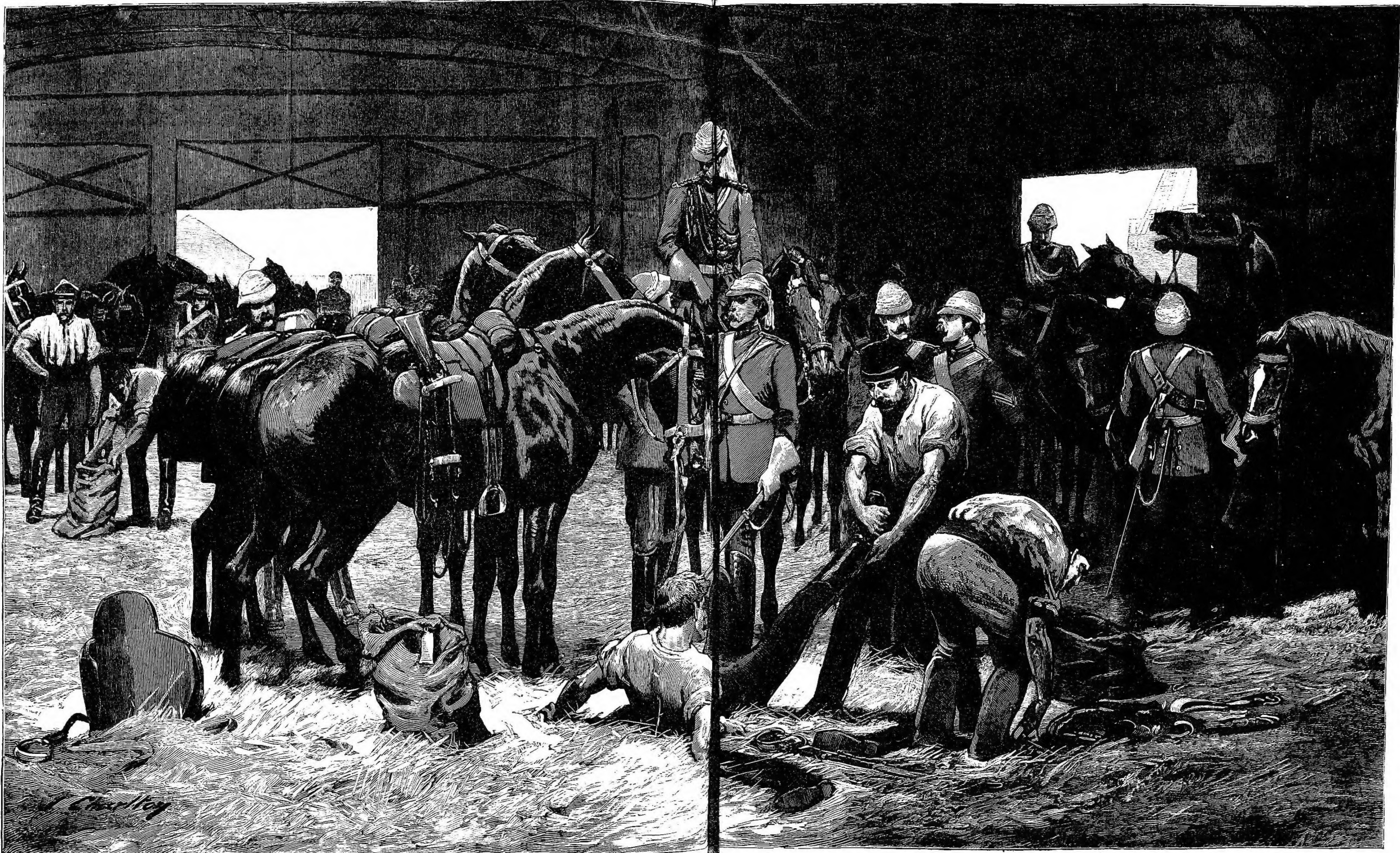
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